

P.O. Bagl: 287

Pope



*Here as I watch'd the dying lamb around
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound
"Come sister come it said or seem'd to say
"Thy place is here sad sister come away*

Vide Page 33.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope



*Lotus the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew
Forsook her form and fixing here became
A flowery plant which still preserves her name*

Vide Page 287

L O N D O N.
CHARLES DALY,
19, RED LION SQUARE.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF
THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
CHARLES DALY, 19, RED LION SQUARE.

1841.

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MONACENSIS.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

ALEXANDER POPE, an English poet of great eminence, was born in London, in 1688. His father, who appears to have acquired considerable wealth by following the trade of a linen-draper, in the Strand, was a Roman Catholic, and, being disaffected to the politics of King William, retired from business, and purchased a house and some land at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, with the money he had saved. Alexander was from his infancy of a delicate habit of body, which induced his parents to keep him at home till he was eight years old, when he was placed under the care of a Romish priest, named Taverner, who taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and again to another school about Hyde-Park Corner. At the two last schools he used to represent himself as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him; and, on his master at Twyford, he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon.

He tells of himself in his poems, that "he lisped in numbers;" and used to say "that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses." In the style of fiction it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth."

From the age of sixteen the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He was indefatiga-

bly diligent and insatiably curious : wanting health for violent and money for expensive pleasures, and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books ; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. The account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement, from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction ; that in the first part of this time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavoured to judge.

No man possessed a greater command of elegant and nervous language, nor has any one excelled him in correctness of versification, splendour of diction, or the true poetical power of vivifying and adorning every subject that came under his hand.

His life was not prolonged to the period of old age ; an oppressive asthma had long troubled him, and accumulated infirmities broke up his constitution in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He died, as he had lived, a member of the Catholic religion ; but, from his intercourse with Lord Bolingbroke, he had acquired sentiments of a more liberal kind than usually appertain to those who subscribe to the Romish creed. His death took place May 30, 1744, at Twickenham, where a monument was erected to his memory by Bishop Warburton, his friend and commentator.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK,

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos :
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. *Mart.*

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing!—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due :
This e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray.
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day ;
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake ;
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound ;
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest :

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
 (That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :

“ Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd car
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught,—
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel powers,
 With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly flowers ;
 Hear, and believe ! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd.
 What, though no credit doubting wits may give,
 The fair and innocent shall still believe.
 Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly
 The light militia of the lower sky :
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould ;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair,
 From earthly vehicles to those of air.
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead :
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And, though she plays no more o'erlooks the cards.

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Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre after death, survive;
For, when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name;
Soft, yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea;
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam;
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

“ Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

“ Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face
For life predestin'd is the gnomes' embrace;
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And, in soft sounds, ' your grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to

Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

“ Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new,
What tender maid but must a victim fall,
To one man’s treat, but for another’s ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call,—
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

“ Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang’d the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn’d by thy sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!”

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
long,

Leap’d up, and wak’d his mistress with his tongue;
’Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open’d on a billet doux!
Wounds, charms, and ardour, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish’d from thy head

And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,—
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride:
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms;
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes:
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
 Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore ;
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends ;
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two locks, which grateful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck,
 With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray ;
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

He adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd ;

He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For, when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and every power ador'd,
But chiefly Love; to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire ;
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess, the prize :
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer ;
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the water die ;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay,—
All but the sylph : with careful thoughts oppress'd,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air,
The lucid squadrons round his sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds, aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,

Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
Where every beam new transient colours flings,—
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus began:

“Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear.

Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aërial kind:

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard, with arms divine, the British throne.

“Our humbler province is to tend the fair,—
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes and inspire their airs:

Nay, oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.

“ This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e’er deserv’d a watchful spirit’s care :
Some dire disaster, or by force or sleight ;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp’d in night :
Whether the nymph shall break Diana’s law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has doom’d that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta’s care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

“ To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm’d with ribs of whale ;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

“ Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins ;
Be stopp’d in vials, or transfix’d with pins ;
Or plung’d in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg’d whole ages in a bodkin’s eye ;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While, clogg’d, he beats his silken wings in vain ;
Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell’d flower ;

10 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below !”

He spoke : the spirits from the sails descend ;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
Some third the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
Here thou great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,—
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of a British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray :
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine ;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom ;
And swells their breast with conquests yet to
come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore :
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold four kings, in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers, and a forky beard ;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower
The expressive emblem of their softer power ;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand ;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
“ Let spades be trumps !” she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord,
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board :

Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
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Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board :

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but, his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo—
Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;
Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride :
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread ;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The baron now his Diamonds pours apace ;
The embroider'd king, who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green :
Thus, when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,

The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the queen of Hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the laws of ruin and Codille.

And now (as oft, in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate ;
An ace of Hearts steps forth ; the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen :
He springs to vengeance with an angry pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky,—
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For, lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze ;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide ;
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band :
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)

Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah! cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly paid for Nisis' injured hair!

But, when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bent her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair!
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought,
As, on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind;
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd:
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again);

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
And streams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.

“ Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine !
(The victor cried) ; the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair ;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed ;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze ;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live !
What time would spare from steel receive its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate :
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel ?”

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd, to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreadful east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrin at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Illnature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd:
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride ;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise,
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids ;
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires ;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout ;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks ;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the gnome, through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the power : " Hail, wayward queen,
Who rule the sex from fifty to fifteen :
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who gave the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray ;—

A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But, oh ! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple in a beauteous face,
 Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game ;
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dogs gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin :
 That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
 A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome, rejoicing, bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent ;
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 " O wretched maid !" she spread her hands and
 cried

While Hampton's echoes " wretched maid !" re-
 plied),

" Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound?
 For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
 Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say;
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
 Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
 Sooner let air, earth, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs
 (Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out:—" My Lord, why, what the
 devil?

Zounds! damn the lock: 'for Gad, you must be
 civill!

Plague on't, 'tis past a jest—nay pr'ythee, pox !
Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

"It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain ;
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair,
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome ! forbears not so ;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears ;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said :

"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away.
Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen !
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle or distant northern land,
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste Bohea !
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
Oh, had I staid, and said my prayers at home !
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell :
From my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;

The tottering china shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.—
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

SHE said; the pitying audience melts in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
" Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford?
Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?"

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains :
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face !
Oh ! if to dance all night and dress all day
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint ;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray ;
Since, painted or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;
What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour'd still, whate'er we lose ?
And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued :
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
" To arms, to arms !" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly arise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found ;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage,
'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;

Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,—
One died in metaphor, and one in song.

O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
“Those eyes are made so killing”—was his last.
Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smiled to see the douty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
Nor fear'd the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;

The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust;
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
And drew her deadly bodkin from her side
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,—
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew:
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shall be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the lock," she cries; and all around,
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd:
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beans in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases:

There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound ;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view) :

A sudden star it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And, pleas'd, pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey
And hail with music its propitious ray ;
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake ;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. [hair,

Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost :
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair sons shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock the muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century ; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins ?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?
Yet, yet I love !—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd ;

Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies :
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears !
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays ;
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs and voluntary pains ;
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn ;
Shrines where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep ;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep ;
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part :
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes ;
Oh, name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
There stern religion quench'd the unwilling flame
There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs and echo sighs to thine :
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away,
And is my Abelard less kind than they ?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare ;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer.
No happier task these faded eyes pursue,—
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief :
Ah, more than share it,—give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid :
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole !

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name.
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the All-beauteous Mind ;
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed : Heaven listen'd while you sung ;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move ?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love :
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made !
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Angust her deed, and sacred be her fame ;

Before true passion all those views remove ;
Fame, wealth, and honour ! what are you to love ?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all :
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove ;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !
Oh, happy state ! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law ;
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast :
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This, sure, is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed ! what sudden horrors rise !
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !
Where, where was Eloïsa ? Her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd.
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :

Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
Not grace, or zeal,—love only was my call ;
And, if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come, with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd :
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no ! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes ;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah ! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven ;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days 'eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.

But now no face divine contentment wears ;
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(Oh pious fraud of amorous charity !)
But why should I on others' prayers depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love !
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind ;
The wandering streams that shine between the hills
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ,
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid :
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose ;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey !
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain ;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch ! believed the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven ! but whence arose that prayer ?
Sprung it from piety or from despair ?

E'en here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
 Repent old pleasures and solicit new ;
 Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget !
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love the offender, yet detest the offence ?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love ?
 Unequal task ! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine !
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate !
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget !
 But let Heaven seize it,—all at once 'tis fired :
 Not touch'd, but rapt : not waken'd, but inspired !
 Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot ;
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind ;
 Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
 Labour and rest that equal periods keep ;
 ' Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;'
 Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven ;

Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams;
For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the close of each sad sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and, leaving nature free,
All my loose soul, unbounded, springs to thee.
O, curs'd, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,—
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more, I close my willing eyes:
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps,
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows;
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
 E'en thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
 Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,—
 Thy image steals between my God and me:
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear;
 When, from the censer, clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,—
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While, prostrate here, in humble grief I lie,
 Kind, virtuous drops, just gath'ring in my eye,—
 While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul,
 Come, if thou dar'st, all-charming as thou art;
 Oppose thyself to heaven dispute my heart;

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the bless'd abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise, Alps, between us! and whole oceans roll:
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee!
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O, grace serene! O, virtue, heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amiable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See, in her cell, sad Eloïsa spread,
Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
"Come, sister, come!" it said, or seem'd to say,
"Thy place is here; sad sister, come away!
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
E'en superstition loses ev'ry fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers:
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
Ah, then thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
And e'en my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O, Death, all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then, too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt and all my joy),
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O, may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.

And sure, if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most!

AN ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

ARGUMENT.

Of man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things.—II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown.—III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends.—IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.—V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural.—VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while,

on the one hand, he demands the perfection of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable.—VII. That, throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties.—VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed.—IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire.—X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous sho-
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise:

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be
known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,—
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou
find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;

Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as man :
And all the question (wrangle ne'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain :
In God's, one single can its end produce ;
Yet serves to second, too, some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal :
Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man re-
strains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god :
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault :
Say, rather, man's as perfect as he ought :
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?
The bless'd to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book
fate,—

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
 Or who could suffer, being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 Oh, blindless to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 Man never Is, but always To be bless'd:
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk or milky way;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christian's thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire,—

He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

faithful dog shall bear him company

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Each seeming want, compensated, of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
 All in exact proportion to the state,
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate ;
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
 Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
 No powers of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
 Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
 To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven ?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at every pore ?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
 The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill !
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends :
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass ;
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam ;
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between
 And hound sagacious, on the tainted green ;

The exceptions few; some change since all began :
 And what created perfect ?"—Why, then, man ?
 If the great end be human happiness,
 Then nature deviates; and can man do less ?
 As much that end a constant course requires,
 Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires ?
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise,
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
 Why, then, a Borgia or a Catiline ?
 Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms ;
 Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?
 From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs ;
 Account for moral as for natural things :
 Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit ?
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind,
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But all subsists by elemental strife ;
 And passions are the elements of life.

The general order, since the whole began,
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in man. [soar,

VI. What would this man ? Now upward will he
 And, little less than angel, would be more :
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd, appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all ?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper powers assign'd

ESSAY ON MAN.

IV. Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such ;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much ;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust :
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,—
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the eternal cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine
For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flow'r ;
Annual, for me the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew ;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My footstool, earth,—my canopy, the skies."

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?
" No," 'tis replied, " the first Almighty cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws :

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood !
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew !
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !
 That that and reason, what a nice barrier ;
 For ever separate, yet for ever near !
 Remembrance and reflection, how allied ;
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide !
 And middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass the insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
 The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
 's not thy reason all these powers in one ?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go !
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, which no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd ;
 From nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll,
 Like essential to the amazing whole,

The least confusion, but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What, if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What, if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit,—in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

EPISTLE II.

On the Nature and State of Man with respect to himself, as an Individual.

ARGUMENT.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself, His middle nature ; his powers and frailties. The limits of his capacity. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason. III. The passions, and their use. The predominant passion, and its force. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes. Its providential use, in fixing our principle and ascertaining our virtue. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature ; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident : what is the office of reason. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men. How useful they are to society ; and to individuals in every state and every age of life.

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great ;

With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast ;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much :
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
 Still by himself abused or disabus'd ;
 Created half to rise, or half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science guides
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;
 Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God ;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom now to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
 Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
 Describe or fix the movement of his mind ?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Can he explain his own beginning or his end ?

Alas, what wonder ! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art ;
 But, when his own great work is but begun,
 What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science, then, with modesty thy guide ;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride ;
 Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness,
 Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ?
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrecent parts,
 Of all our vices have created arts ;
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which served the past, and must the times to come

II. Two principles in human nature reign ;
 Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain :
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,—
 Each works its end, to move or govern all :
 And to their proper operation still
 Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end :
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
 Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh ;
 Reason's at distance and in prospect lie :

That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong,
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason, still use, to reason still attend.
Attention habit and experience gains ;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite ;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
But greedy, that its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower :
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call ;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But, since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care ;
Those that, imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd : 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul ;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,—
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes man, can man destroy ?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd
Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes ;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise,
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind,
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On different senses, different objects strike :
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame ;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength ;

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :

Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, though no lawful sway,
In this weak queen some favourite still obey;
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions from the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here, no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds by other passions toss'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd e'en at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
 Grafts on this passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,—
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear,
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger zeal and fortitude supply ;
 E'en avarice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
 Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice allied :
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,—
 In man they join to some mysterious use :
 Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,

And yet so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all,
If white and black blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where the extreme of vice was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own,
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effect of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Suame to the virgin, to the matron pride;

Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief ;
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise ;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all :
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here :
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign ;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
See some fit passion every age supply ;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :

Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
'Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days,
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain ;
E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See and confess, one comfort still must rise ;—
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

ARGUMENT.

I. The whole universe one system of society. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another. The happiness of animals mutual. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals. III. How far society carried by instinct. How much farther by reason. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, and in the forms of society. V. Origin of political societies. Origin of monarchy. Patriarchal government. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good. Restoration of true religion and government, on their first principle. Mixed government. Various forms of each, and the true end of all.

HERE then we rest; "The universal cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride the impudence of wealth.

Let this great truth be present night and day ;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world ; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end :
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again :
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die);
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
All served, all serving : nothing stands alone ;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn
For him has kindly spread the flowery lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
" See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose :
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control :
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :
Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods :
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bless'd :
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :

To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near,—
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason or with instinct bless'd,
Know or enjoy that power which suits them best :
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot but just to hit ;
While still too wide or short is human wit ;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long :
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See, then, the acting and comparing powers,
One in their nature, which are two in ours !
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,—
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food ?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ;

Who calls the council, states the certain day ;
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds :
But, as he framed a whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness,
So from the first eternal order ran,
And, creature link'd to creature, man to man,
Whate'er of life all-quickenning ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,—
Each sex desires alike till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,—
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend :
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands ;
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest and the love :
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ,
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those :

The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think in nature's state they blindly trod :
The state of nature was the reign of God ;
Self-love and social at her birth began,—
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not ; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade :
The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
The shrine with gold unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live, the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art !
To copy instinct then was reason's part :
Thus, then, to man the voice of nature spake—
“ Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;

Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 Here, too, all forms of social union find,
 And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind ;
 Here subterranean works and cities see ;
 There towns aërial on the waving tree.
 Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 And anarchy without confusion know ;
 And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 Their separate cells and properties maintain.
 Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
 Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
 In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 Entangle justice in her net of law,
 And right too rigid harden into wrong ;
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey :
 And, for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods adored."

V. Great nature spoke ; observant man obey'd ;
 Cities were built, societies were made :
 Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow ;
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
 When love was liberty, and nature law.

Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,

Till common interest placed the sway in one.

'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings or averting harms),
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch sate,

King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch the ærial eagle to the ground;

Till, drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they revered as god to mourn as man:

Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that first ador'd,
Or plain tradition, that this all begun,

Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one.

Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure, trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.

Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then,
For nature knew no right divine in men;
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law :
'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors slaves of subjects made :
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes,—
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, and lust ;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
With Heaven's own thunders shook the world below
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, through just, and through unjust
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust :
The same self-love in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.

For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
His safety must his liberty restrain :
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus, by self-defence,
E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence :
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral nature gave before ;
Resum'd her ancient light, not kindled new—
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too ;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
The according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things :
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
made

To serve, not suffer,—strengthen, not invade ;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, bless'd :
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
What's'er is best administer'd is best :

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity :
All must be false, that thwarts this one great end ;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives :
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun :
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to
Happiness.*

—
ARGUMENT.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all. God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches, honours, nobility, greatness, fame, superior talents,

with pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter.

—

OH Happiness! our being's end and aim!
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
 Plant of celestial seed; if dropp'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

I. Ask of the learn'd the way? the learn'd are blind:
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain
 Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain

Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

II. Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws,"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend;
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink.
Each has his share: and who would more obtain
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and, this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,—
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend :
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are placed in hope, and these in fear :
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better or of worse.

O, sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind.
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
 But health consists with temperance alone ;
 And peace, O virtue ! peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right ?
 Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or curs'd,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
 Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains :
 And, grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be bless'd;
 But fools the good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
 Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me if virtue made the son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
 Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
 Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal cause
 Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws!

IV. Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires!

Can air or sea new motions be impress'd,
 Blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents is not. A better shall we have?

A kingdom of the just then let it be:

But first consider how those just agree.

The good must merit God's peculiar care!

But who, but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell

Another deems him instrument of hell:

If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,

This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.

What shocks one part will edify the rest,

Nor with one system can they all be bless'd.

The very best will variously incline,

And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,

Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;

And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country, say

Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

VI. "But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed."

What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?

That vice may merit,—'tis the price of toil:

The knave deserves it when he tills the soil;

The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,

Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent;

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er;

"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"

Add health and power and every earthly thing.

"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"

Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?"
Who ask and reason thus will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix,
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure—a crown.
Weak foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft, by these, at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh, fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise
Act well your part,—there all the honour lies;

Fortune in men has some small difference made,—
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings,
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But, by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go; if your ancient but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go, and pretend your family is young,
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness: say where greatness lies:
 "Where but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
 Or make an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise;
 All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great :
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed !

What's fame ?—A fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear, you have ; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
To all beside, as much an empty shade
As Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave ;
When what to oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart ;
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own ;

Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge :
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring, then, these blessings to a strict account :
Make fair deductions ; see to what they 'mount :
How much of other each is sure to cost ;
How much for other oft is wholly lost ;
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :
Think, and, if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
Thère, in the rich, the honour'd, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete !
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy ! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man :
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchanged for gold ;

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

O, wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!

What greater bliss attends their close of life?

Some greedy minion or imperious wife

The trophied arches, storied halls invade,

And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,

Compute the morn and evening to the day;

The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A tale that blends their glory with their shame!

Know, then, this truth (enough for man to know)

"Virtue alone is happiness below,"

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only merit constant pay receives,

Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,

And, if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,

Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:

Good, from each object, from each place acquired,

For ever exercised, yet never tired;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;

Never dejected, while another's bless'd:

And, where no wants, no wishes can remain,

Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;

Yet, poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God ;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end,—in love of God and love of man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
Till, lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find :)
Wise is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;
At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love, thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessings thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part ;
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence ;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts : but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake .

The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come, then, my friend! my genius! come along;
O, master of the poet and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart:
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
Show'd erring pride, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT**;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

MORAL ESSAYS,
IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poëtæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.

HOR.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.

ARGUMENT.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest. Nothing constant and certain but

God and nature. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions. II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world: and some reason for it. Education alters the nature, or at least character, of many. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath.

I. YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
 Who, from his study, rails at human kind;
 Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb-bird, so talkative and grave,
 That, from his cage, cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
 Though many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for the observer's sake:

To written wisdom, as another's, less;
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of minds as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess:
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinions' colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose 't in the moment you detect.

Yet more: the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or some discolour'd through our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take;
Oft, in the passion's wild rotation toss'd,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubl'd heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep

(Though past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known ;
Others, so very close, they're hid from none
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light) :
Thus, gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight ;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, an itch of vulgar praise.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull flat falsehood serves for policy ;
And, in the cunning, truth itself's a lie :
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise ;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;
Alone, in company ; in place or out ;
Early at business, and at hazard late ;
Mad at a fox chase, wise at a debate ;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave ;
Save just a dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart;
 His comprehensive head all interests weigh'd,
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd?
 He thanks you not,—his pride is in piquet,
 Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bet.

What made (say, Montague, or more sage Charron!)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
 A perjur'd prince a leaden saint revere,—
 A godless regent tremble at a star?
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,—
 Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and nature only are the same;
 In man, the judgment shoots at flying game:
 A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,—
 Now in the moon, perhaps now under ground.

II. In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would, from the apparent what, conclude the why;
 Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
 That what we chanced was what we meant to do.
 Behold, if fortune or a mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns;
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
 This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man; we find
 Who does a kindness is not, therefore, kind;
 Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,—
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
 Not, therefore, humble he who seeks retreat,—
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.

Who combats bravely is not, therefore, brave,—
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
 Who reasons wisely is not, therefore, wise,—
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

Eat grant that actions best discover man ;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can :
 The few that glare, each character must mark,—
 You balance not the many in the dark.
 What will you do with such as disagree,—
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
 Must, then, at once (the character to save),
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
 Alas ! in truth, the man but changed his mind,
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
 Ask, why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
 Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
 Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?
 Cæsar, perhaps, might answer, he was drunk.
 But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
 One action, conduct ; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,—
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;
 A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
 A gownman learn'd, a bishop—what you will ;
 Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.
 Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,—
 Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r
 And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next, a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman?—Then he's fond of pow'r.
A quaker?—Sly. A presbyterian?—Sour.
A smart freethinker?—All things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions;—Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well:
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay freethinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god or spirit he has lately found,
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature? Habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place.
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range.
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

III. Search, then, the ruling passion,—there, alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clew, once found, unravels all the rest,—
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;

Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies.
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too;
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,—
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus, with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,—
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves:
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you, why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature, well known, no prodigies remain,—
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline, by rapine, swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore:
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Vere means, not ends; ambition was the vice.

That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy ;
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,—
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last ;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.

Behold reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,—
Shov'd from the wall, perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest ;
Still to his wench he crawls, on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.—
“ Mercy!” cries Helluo, “ mercy on my soul !
Is there no hope ? Alas!—then bring the jowl.”

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,—
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

“ Odious! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,”
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;
“ No ! let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :

One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,—
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who, forty years, had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If, where I'm going, I could serve you, sir!"

"I give and I devise," old Euclio said,
And sigh'd, "my lands and tenements to Ned."—
"Your money, sir?"—"My money, sir: what all?
Why,—if I must," then wept, "I give it Paul."
"The manor, sir?"—"The manor! hold," he cried,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and died.

And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,—
"On, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.
TO A LADY

Of the Characters of Women.

ARGUMENT.

That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves. Instances of contrarieties given, even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as, 1. In the affected. 2. In the soft-natur'd. 3. In the cunning and artful. 4. In the whimsical. 5. In the lewd and vicious. 6. In the witty and refined. 7. In the stupid and simple. The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform. This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity. What are the aims and the fate of this sex:--1. As to power. 2. As to pleasure. Advice for their true interest. The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,—
“Most women have no characters at all;”
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true !
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda, with a swan.
Let, then, the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye ;
Or, dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia, shine
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine ;
Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare ;
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air :
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock ;
Or Sappho, at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask.
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia, fearful to offend ;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! you tip the wink,
But spare your censure—Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park !"

A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh! odious, odious trees."

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes all their charms they owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child,
Has e'en been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare,
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why, then, declare good nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame.
Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs;
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres;
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.

What, then? Let blood and body bear the fault,—
Her head's untouch'd—that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine: in another fit
She sins with poets, through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analysed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion and the taste refin'd,—
The address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing—"While we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind,—
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind?
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought;
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn, then, from wits, and look on Simo's mate,—
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate;
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends;
Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a prayer;

Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
Cries "Ah! how charming if there's no such place"
Or who, in sweet vicissitude, appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones—time and thought.
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true, no meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all woman kind;
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage;
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,—
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursu'd,
No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late,—
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But, an inferior not dependent! worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.

Last night, her lord was all that's good and great,—
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor!

Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Cameleons, who can paint, in white and black?
“Yet Chloe, sure, was form'd without a spot,”—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
“With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?”—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And, when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead,
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent ; would you, too, be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen,
The same for ever—and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals ;
The exactest traits of body or of mind
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop, 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king ;
Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet or plain parson Hale.

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,—
A woman's seen in private life alone :
Our bolder talents in full light display'd,
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride
Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find ;
In women, two almost divide the kind :

Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,—
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That nature gives,—and where the lesson taugh
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this: by man's oppression cursed,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men—some to business, some to pleasure take:
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men—some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens;
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age.
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost;
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,
So these their merry miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards ;
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards :
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,—
Alive, ridiculous—and dead, forgot.

Ah, friend ! to dazzle let the vain design :
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine !
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
So, when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,—
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

O ! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools ;
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite bless'd
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest ;
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools ;

Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame, with this unblest'd,—
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year),
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer ;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses,—the world shall know it ;
To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

Of the Use of Riches.—
ARGUMENT.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities. That avarice is an absolute phrensy, without an end or purpose. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men. That the conduct of men with respect to riches can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable. How a prodigal does the same. The true medium, and true use of riches. The man of Ross. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death. The story of Sir Balaam.

—
P. WHO shall decide when doctors disagee,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of heaven,
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind
 And surely Heaven and I are of a mind),
 Opine that nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground :
 But when, by man's audacious labour won,
 Flamed forth this rival to its sire the sun,
 Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,—
 To squander, these ; and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has pass'd,
 We find our tenets just the same at last :
 Both fairly owning riches in effect,
 No grace of Heaven, or token of the elect ;
 Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows ;
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe ;
 'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve :
 What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust :
 Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
 But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend ;

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid ;

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
 In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And, jingling down the back stairs, told the crew,
 "Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
 Bless'd paper credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !

Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings :
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore ;
A leaf, like sybils, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow ;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king or buys a queen.

Oh ! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany !
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines ?
What could they more than knights and 'squires con-
found,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round ?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil !
" Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil ;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door ;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor avarice one torment more would find :
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild and mien so mazed,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs ?
His grace will game : to White's a bull be led
With spurning heels and with a butting head ;
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep ?

Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
 Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh! filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
 Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why, take it, gold and all.

P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
 Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,
 clothes, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
 Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions pass'd)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? To dying Hopkins heirs?
 To Chartres vigour? Japhet nose and ears?
 Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
 With all the embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?
 They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
 But thousands die, without or this or that,—
 Die, and endow a college or a cat.
 To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
 To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
 That every man in want is knave or fool;
 "God cannot love," says Blunt, with tearless eyes,
 "The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:

But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee
Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found ;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-sea year ?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?
Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?
Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold :
Glorious ambition ! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls ; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.

Much-injured Blunt ! why bears he Britain's hate
A wizard told him in these words our fate :
“ At length corruption, like a general flood
(So long by watchful ministers withstood),
Shall deluge all ; and avarice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun ;

Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's arms !
'Twas no court badge, great scrivener ! fired thy
brain,

Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain :
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And, nobly wishing party rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace."

" All this is madness," cries a sober sage :
" But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?
The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than e'en that passion, if it has no aim :
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear, then, the truth : "'Tis Heaven each passion
sends,

And different men directs to different ends ;
Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow ;
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain ;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
But for wings, and in their season fly .

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot !
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
With soups unbought and salads bless'd his board !
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before :
To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence ?
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round :
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn their unwilling steeds another way ;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door ;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son : he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right :
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need ;
But what to follow is a task indeed).
Yet sure of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine !

Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,—
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis George and liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet :
Next goes his wool, to clothe our valiant bands ;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,—
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils ?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause ;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude ;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence ;
With splendour, charity ; with plenty, health
O teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !
That secret rare, between the extremes to move
Of mad goodnature and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty given,
And ease or emulate the care of Heaven
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race) ;
Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused ;
As poison heals, in just proportion used :
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But, well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.

Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table wit or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
To ease the oppress'd and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, O Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the MAN OF ROSS:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans, bless'd,—
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick?—The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance?—Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.

Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Say, O what sums that generous hand supply;
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze!

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone!
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
Proved by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who living saved a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features,—nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend,
And see what comfort it affords our end!

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half
hung,

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Are tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
 Or just as gay at council, in a ring
 Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.

No wit to flatter left of all his store!
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
 And well (he thought) advised him, "Live like me!"
 As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
 That I can do when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall;
 For very want he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's power;
 For very want he could not pay a dower.
 A few gray hairs his reverend temples crown'd;
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What! e'en denied a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
 Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,

"Virtue and wealth, what are ye but a name?"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared?
 Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
 A knotty point to which we now proceed.
 But you are tired—I'll tell a tale.—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth:
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's:
Constant at church and 'change; his gains were sure;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,—
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
“Live like yourself,” was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledged it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought,
“Ill now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear, too, of all other vice.”

The tempter saw his time: the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent. per cent.

Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn :
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife,
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight :
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite ;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :
First, for his son, a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies :
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play : so bad her chance,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues,
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs :
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan, are thy own ;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown :
The Devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE,
EARL OF BURLINGTON.*Of the Use of Riches.*—
ARGUMENT.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense. The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous. A description of the false taste of magnificence: the first grand error of which is, to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole; and the second either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is

dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind. What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men. And, finally, the great and public works which become a prince.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats :
He buys for Topham drawing and designs ;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself ? No more—
Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?
Some demon whisper'd, " Visto ! have a taste :"
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See ! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide :
A standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
Whose random drawings from your sheets shall take
And of one beauty many blunders make ;

Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door:
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth which many buy too dear;
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot:
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all:
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Wins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;

Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines,
Prints as you paint, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance ;
Nature shall join you ; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls ;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls :
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo ! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake,
Or cuts wide views through mountains to the plain,—
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
E'en in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet ;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light ;
A waving gloom the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you ! Villario can no more :
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus stray'd
Or sat delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet !
His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves !
One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews :

The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cries out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a drought
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,—
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene:
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd, see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat?

And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
thighs,

Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stored?

In books, not authors, curious is my lord;

To all their dated backs he turns you round;

These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound!

Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,

For all his lordship knows, but they are wood!

For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look;

These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,

That summons you to all the pride of prayer:

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,

Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.

On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,

Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,

And bring all Paradise before your eye.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,

Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;

A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:

The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,

And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.

Is this a dinner? this a genial room?

No 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.

A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state:

You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.

So quick requires each flying course, you'd swear

Sancho's dead doctor and his wand were there.

Between each act the trembling salvers ring,

From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.

In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golding ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like
Boyle.

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:

Till kings call forth the idea of your mind
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid Temples worthier of the God ascend ;
Did the broad arch the dangerous flood contain
The mole projected break the roaring main :
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land :
These honours peace to happy Britain brings ;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.

—
PART I

Introduction. That it is as great a fault to judge ill as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public. That a true taste is as rare to be found as a true genius. That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education. The multitude of critics, and causes of them. That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it. Nature the best guide of judgment. Improved by art and rules, which are but methodised nature. Rules derived from the practice of ancient poets. That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil. Of licenses, and the use of them by the ancients. Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them.

—
 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well :
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind ?
Nature affords at least a glimmering light,
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
right.

But, as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is, by ill-colouring, but the more disgraced,
So, by false learning, is good sense defaced :
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd ;
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal :

— To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's that might a hundred tire.

But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confined to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,

Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains ;
Itself unseen, but in the effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed ;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed :
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized :

Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd

By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights :
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ;
Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from
Heaven.

The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved :
But following wits from that intention stray'd ;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools

Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You, then, whose judgment the right course would
steer,

Know well each ancient's proper character :
His fable, subject, scope in every page ;
Religion, country, genius of his age :
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,—
Read them by day, and meditate by night :
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring ;
Still with itself compared, his text peruse ;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind
A work to outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrte o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,—
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry ; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

If, where the rules not far enough extend
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end),
 Some lucky license answer to the full
 The intent proposed, that license is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly dēviate from the common track ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,—
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
 But though the ancients thus their rules invade
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have
 made),

Moderns, beware ! or, if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end :
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
 But with the occasion, and the place comply,
 Conceal his force,—nay, seem sometimes to fly.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.

See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring !

Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring ! *pien*

In praise so just let every voice be join'd,

And fill the general chorus of mankind.

Hail ! bards triumphant ! born in happier days ;

Immortal heirs of universal praise !

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,

As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;

Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound, *unborn*

And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !

O may some spark of your celestial fire,

The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,

(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights,

Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes),

To teach vain wits a science little known,

To admire superior sense, and doubt their own !

PART II.

Causes hindering a true judgment. I. Pride. II. Imperfect learning. III. Judging by parts, and not by the whole. Critics in wit, language, versification, only. IV. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire. V. Partiality—too much love to a sect,—to the ancients or moderns. VI. Prejudice or prevention. VII. Singularity. VIII. Inconstancy. IX. Party spirit. X. Envy. Against envy, and in praise of good-nature. When severity is chiefly to be used by the critics.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth denied,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend—and every foe.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing!
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierion spring;
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,

While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So, pleased, at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
The eternal snows appear already pass'd,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way:
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,—
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus, when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,—
All comes united to the admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear:
The whole at once is bold and regular,
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend ;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less commit ;
Neglect the rule each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part :
They talk of principles, but notions prize, —
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage ;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice ;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities ; what not ?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.

"Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrte."—

"Not so, by heaven!" he answers in a rage,

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."—

"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."—

"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,

Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

+ Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them
good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;

✓ The sense, they humbly take upon content. —
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,—
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
ears more decent as more suitable:

A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense ;
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ;
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best, —
 As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold, —
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old ;
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the whole aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
 In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it " whispers through the trees :"
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with " sleep :"

Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But, when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line, too, labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love :
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes ; and shun the fault of such
 Who still are pleased too little or too much.

At every trifle scorn to take offence,—
That always shows great pride, or little sense :
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
As things seem large which we through mists de
sery,

Dulness is ever apt to magnify. 4

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
The ancients only or the modern prize :
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed, *the*
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not, then, if wit be old or new, *laughing*
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality ;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney'd sonneteer, or me !
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft the learn'd by being singular ;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit :
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress used,—
This hour she's idolized, the next abused ;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their
side.

Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still, they say ;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read :
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted :
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn ?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
— The current folly proves the ready wit ,

95 And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux :
60 But sense survived, when merry jests were past ;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise ;
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true :
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
70 When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays
But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas ! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch wits survived a thousand years :
80 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast ;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

485 So, when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live ;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings ;
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost ;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
500 What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy !
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required :
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease
Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun ;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe !
10 Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavour'd well ;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools :

But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.

520 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged, through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.

Good-nature and good sense must ever join :
To err, is human ; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain, NB
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain ;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful, sure, as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprang the rank weed, and thrived with large increase :

When love was all an easy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war,
Jilts rule the state, and statesmen farces writ,—
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit ;
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away ;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign,
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation :
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute ;

Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there !
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groan'd with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,—
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice
Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

PART III.

Rules for the conduct of manners in a critic. 1. Candour. Modesty. Good breeding. Sincerity and freedom of advice. II. When one's counsel is to be restrained. Character of an incorrigible poet, and of an impertinent critic. Character of a good critic. The history of criticism, and characters of the best critics. Aristotle. Horace. Dionysius. Petronius. Quintilian. Longinus. Of the decay of criticism, and its revival. Erasmus. Vida. Boileau. Lord Roscommon. Conclusion.

LEARN, then, what moral critics ought to show;
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join:

~~In all you speak, let truth and candour shine;~~

~~That not alone what to your sense is due~~

All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence;

Some positive persisting fops we know,

Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so:

But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,

And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:

Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,

And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

Without good breeding truth is disapproved:

That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;

For the worst avarice is that of sense.

With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take :
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry,
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull !
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain :
Your silence there is better than your spite :
For who can rail so long as they can write ?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have : and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales :
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy ;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend ?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Churchyard :
 Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead ;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes ;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know ?
 Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;
 Though learn'd, well-bred ; and, though well bred, sin-
 cere ;

Modestly bold and humanly severe ;
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ;
 Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfined ;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind ;
 Generous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were critics ; such the happy few
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew :
 The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore :

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit
Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,—
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way ;
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire ;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,—
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd :
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand.
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire :
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd and useful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,—
As that the body, this enslaved the mind;
Much was believed but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge learning thus o'erran,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injured name
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd:
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic learning flourish'd most in France.
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilized ;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old :
Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rule and practice tell
" Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood :
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh, the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend ;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade, receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give :
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries ;
Content, if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew :
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame :
Averse alike to flatter or offend ;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE LORD
 LANSDOWNE.

Non injussa cano : te nostræ, Vare, myricæ.
 Te nemus omne canet ; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
 Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen. *Virgil.*

THY forest, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
 At once the monarch's and the Muses' seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 Granville commands ; your aid, O Muses, bring !
 What muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song ;
 These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
 Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confused ;
 Where order in variety we see,
 And where, though all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
 Thin trees arise that sun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There, wrapt in clouds, the blueish hills ascend.

E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here blushing Flora paints the enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they:
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And e'en the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain;
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain.
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And, famish'd, dies amidst his ripen'd fields.

What wonder, then, a beast or subject slain
Be equal crimes in a despotic reign?

Both, doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But, while the subject starved, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from the industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;
O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind ?
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,
The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom e'en the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave !
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
Lo ! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds where yellow harvests spread ;
The forests wonder'd at the unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden year.

Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments you
 blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds :
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Conch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey :
Secure they trust the unfaithful field beset,
Till, hovering o'er them, sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty bless'd,
Near and more near, the closing lines invest ;
Sudden they seize the amazed defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts, exulting, on triumphant wings :
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avails his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with
 gold ?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo) :

With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves :
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ersshade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye :
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death ;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent his angle trembling in his hand :
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply :
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now cancer glows with Phæbus' fiery car :
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
The impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
The immortal huntress, and her virgin train ;
Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen :
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade ;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona named
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be
known,

But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;
A belt her waste, a fillet binds her hair ;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanced, as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and loved, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight ; her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling
doves,

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or, as the god more furious, urged the chase.

Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears ;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears :
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun ;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain
" Ah ! Cynthia, ah !—though banish'd from thy train
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades ! there weep, and murmur there !"
She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
Still bears the name the helpless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green ;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames
Thou, too, great father of the British floods !
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.

No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods ;
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves ;
Happy next him who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires,
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields ;
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers :
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye ;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
Or, wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end ;
Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home !
Such was the life great Scipio once admired,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbull thus retired.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow):
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.

Since Fate, relentless, stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these revived? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forest with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,—
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance ;
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
In the same notes of love and soft desire :
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh, wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor
bore,

What kings first breathed upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age ;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield :
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites ; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the oppress'd !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone) :
Oh, fact accursed ! what tears has Albion shed ?
Heavens, what new wounds ! and how her old have
bled :

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,

A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said, "Let discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that bless'd moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanced his reverend head;
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam:
Graved on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold;
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood!
First the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave;
The blue transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclined
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind),
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd, and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

"Hail, sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold

From heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muses' themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,—
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! the ascending villas, on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle, in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor, now shall leave their
woods,
And half thy forests rush into the floods;
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
There clearer flames glow round the frozen
pole:

Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicey gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh, stretch thy reign, fair peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous discord dwell:
And mad ambition shall attend her there;
There purple vengeance, bathed in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires;
There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
And persecution mourn her broken wheel;
There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain."

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days;
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,

And bring the scenes of opening fate to light ;
My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where peace, descending, bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
E'en I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise ;
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in those fields I sang the sylvan strains.

PASTORALS.

—
SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL; OR, DAMON.

To Sir William Trumbull.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
 Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :
 Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
 While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing ;
 Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
 And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You that, too wise for pride, too good for power,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost ;
 O! let my muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre.
 So, when the nightingale to rest removes,
 The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves ;
 But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
 And all the aerial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off their nightly dews,
 Two swains, whom love kept wakeful and the muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair :
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied :—

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish nature paints the purple year.

STREPHON.

Sing, then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
 Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;
 And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing:
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,—
 Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall every note resound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white bull shall at your altar stand,
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O, love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;—
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen:
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies—
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po:
Bless'd Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield.
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.—

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers,
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smile, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring, the fields ; in autumn, hills I love ;
At morn, the plains ; at noon, the shady grove ;
But Delia always : absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,—
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day :
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here ;
But, bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears :
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me, first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields :
And then a nobler prize I will resign ;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend ; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bless'd swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel ;
Bless'd nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well

Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers!
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For, see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.



SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL; OR, ALEXIS.

To Dr. Garth.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept, O Garth, the muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,—
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.—
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay:
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.

The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses?—in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides;
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But, since those graces please thine eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew:
Ah, wretched shepherd! what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear;
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said, "Alexis, take this pipe—the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name."
But now the reed shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
O! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower,
Then might my voice thy list'ning years employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy!

And yet my numbers please the rural throng:
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song;
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring;
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,—
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again;

For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join.
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides;
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O, deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
O! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat;
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat;
To closer shades the panting flocks remove:
Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends :
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,—
 By night he scorches as he burns by day.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL ; OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

To Mr. Wycherley.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sang their rural lays :
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succours bring ;
 Hylas' and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Platus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence and Menander's fire ;
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms,—
 O ! skill'd in nature, see the hearts of swains,
 Their heartless passions and their tender pains !

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;
 When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away ;
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey :
 As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores,
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 The unheard, unpitied, and forlorn,

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along :
 For her the feather'd choirs neglect their song ;
 For her the limes their pleasing shades deny ;
 For her the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,—
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,—
 Ye tress that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away :
 Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia's stay !
 Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
 Die every flower, and perish all but she !
 What have I said ? Where'er my Delia flies,
 Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise ;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from every thorn !

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along :
 The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
 Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me !

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away :
 Come, Delia, come ; ah ! why this long delay ?
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds .
 Delia each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
 Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind !
 Do lovers dream ? or is my Delia kind ?
 She comes—my Delia comes ! Now cease my lay .
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next Ægon sang, while Windsor groves admire
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd :

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain ;
Of perjur'd Doris, dying, I complain !
Here, where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies ;
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat ;
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay :
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day ;
Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending bows :
The garlands fade—the vows are worn away ;
So dies my love, and so my hopes decay !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain :
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain ;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove ;
Just gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay :
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah ! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep ?
Pan came, and ask'd what magic caused my smart ?
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?
What eyes but her's, alas ! have power to move ?
And is there magic but what dwells in love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains :
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains ;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove
Forsake mankind and all the world but love.
I know thee, Love !—On foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed :

Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay :
Farewell, ye woods ! adieu, the light of day !
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains ;
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !

Thus sang the shepherds till the approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departed light,
When falling dews with spangles deck the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL ; OR, DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing ;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky ;
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,—
O ! sing of Daphne's fate and Daphne's praise !

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd and their verdure lost :
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening Dryades to the plain ?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin : this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, " Ye shepherds, sing around my grave."
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,—
 Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring ;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows as when Adonis died ;
 And, with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone :
 " Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore ;
 Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more !"
 'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay ;
 See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day ;
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier :
 See where on earth the flowery glories lie ;
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die !
 Ah ! what avail the beauties nature wore !
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more !
 For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood ;
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own ;
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,—
 Silent, or only to her name replies :
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore ;
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more !

No grateful dew's descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise ;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath ;
The industrious bees neglect their golden store ;
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more !

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings ;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays ;
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear ;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more !

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate re-murmur to the silver flood ;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory, now no more !

But see where Daphne wondering mounts on
high,
Above the clouds, above the starry sky !
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green !
There, while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more !

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen while thy muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shades or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,—
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves!
Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves!
Adieu, my flocks! farewell, ye sylvan crew!
Daphne, farewell! and all the world, adieu

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S
POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising when we reflect that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject — One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line for line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. — I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet.

YE nymphs of Solyma, begin the song;
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.

N

The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more. O, Thou, my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive—a Virgin bear a Son!
 From Jesse's * root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens! † from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick ‡ and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade :
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
 Returning Justice § lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 O ! spring to light, auspicious Babe ! be born !
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring !
 See lofty Lebanon ¶ his head advance ;
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance !
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ¶ — a God, a God appears !
 A God ! a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.

* Isa. xi. ver. 1.

† Ch. xxv. ver. 4.

‡ Ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

† Ch. xlv. ver. 8.

§ Ch. ix. ver. 7.

¶ Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies :
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise !
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay !
 Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold !
 Hear him, ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
 'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
 The dumb * shall sing—the lame his crutch forego
 And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From every face He wipes off every tear.
 In adamant† chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd‡ tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air ;
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
 The promis'd Father§ of the future age !
 No more shall nation || against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,—
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into cythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plough share end.

* Isa. ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

† Ch. xxv. ver. 8.

‡ Ch. xi. ver. 11.

§ Ch. ix. ver. 6.

|| Ch. ii. ver. 4.

Then palaces shall rise : the joyful son *
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts† with surprise
 Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods :
 Waste sandy valleys,‡ once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs § with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents || lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, ¶ rise !
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 See a long race ** thy spacious courts adorn !
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks, on every side arise,
 Demanding life—impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations †† at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !

* Isa. ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.

Ch. xli. ver. 19, and ch. lv. ver. 13.

† Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

** Ch. lx. ver. 4.

† Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

§ Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

¶ Ch. lx. ver. 1.

†† Ch. lx. ver. 3.

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings
And heap'd with products of Sabea* springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow!
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon them in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun† shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But, lost, dissolv'd, in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas‡ shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But, fix'd his word, his saving power remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts—thy own Messiah reigns!

* Isa. ch. lx. ver. 6.

† Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

‡ Ch. li. ver. 6, and ch. liv. ver. 10.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

And other Pieces for Music.

DESCEND, ye Nine : descend and sing ;
 The breathing instruments inspire ;
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !

In sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound :

While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sound the skies ;
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air trembling, the wild music floats ;
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares
 Exalts her in enlivening airs ;

Warriors she fires with animated sounds,—
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :

Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening envy drops her snakes ;

Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms !

So, when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,

Inflamed with glorious charms :

Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheathed the shining blade :
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms !

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Plethegon surrounds,

Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,—

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts !

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans, hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts :

But, hark ! he strikes the golden lyre :
And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire.

See, shady forms advance :

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance !

The furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er the Elysian flowers ;

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of asphodel,

Or amaranthine bowers ?

By the hero's arm'd shades,

Glittering through the gloomy glades ;

By the youths that died for love,

Wandering in the turtle grove,

Restore, restore Eurydice to life ;

Oh, take the husband, or return his wife !

He sung, and hell consented

To hear the poet's prayer ;

Stern Proserpine relented,

And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail

O'er death and o'er hell ;

A conquest how hard and how glorious !

Though fate had fast bound her

With Styx nine times round her,

Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes ;

Again she falls,—again she dies, she dies !

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?

Crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,

All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, lost!

Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the wind, o'er the desert he flies ;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah, see, he dies!

Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung ;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue :

Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the woods and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm ;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please :
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
The immortal powers incline their ear :
Borne on the swelling notes, our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;
To bright Cecilia greater power is given :
His numbers raised a shade from Hell,
Her's lifts the soul to Heaven.



ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about Twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;—
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
And from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ELEGY
TO THE
MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—But why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O! ever beauteous, ever friendly, tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart?
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes,—
The glorious fault of angels and of gods!
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps (ere nature bade her die),
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,

So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race!

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good!
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,—
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death!
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more!
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives and thus your children fall!
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),
“Lo, these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield!”
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe!

What can atone (O, ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint—no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier!
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,—
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,—
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,—
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made!
So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame!
How lov'd—how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,—
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue:
E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays.
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,—
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold ;
 For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age :
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory or the virgin's love :
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,—
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,—
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys :
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
 Who sees him act but envies every deed ?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?

E'en when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state :
As her dead father's reverend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye,—
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by :
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend ; be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued ;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song ;
Dare to have sense yourselves—assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
Such plays alone should win a British ear
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. Oldfield.

PRODIGIOUS this, the frail one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day !
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,

"The play may pass, but that strange creature Shore
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore!"

Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,

"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"

But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natured things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail:
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams,
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners,
Faith, gallants, board with saints and bed with sinners.

Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,—
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse.
Piu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life
Tells us that Cato dearly loved his wife;
Yet if a friend a night or so should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.

The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And loved his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city.
There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face,—
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good,
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the first two books that answers to their title.

The poem is introduced in the manner of the *Provençal* poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the Trionfi of the former, and the Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c. of the latter. The author of this, therefore, chose the same sort of exordium.

IN that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer simmers spread their golden wings)

A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies ;
The whole creation open to my eyes ;
In air, self-balanced hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow :
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen ;
There towering cities, and the forests green ;
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes ;
There trees and intermingled temples rise :
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays ;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore ;
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way :
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued !
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promised they should last.
Some fresh engraved appear'd of wits renown'd ;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt the approaches of too warm a sun ;

For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal, faithful to the graven steel :
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names, inscribed unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky ;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace !
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace :
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,

Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds the Hesperian spoil :
Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire !
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold:
There Ninus shone, who spread the Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name ;
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand ;
The sage Chaldæans robed in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods revered.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd the unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior and alone Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science—to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,

Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics graced.

Of gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were graved around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood :
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face ;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various eyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Raised on a thousand pillars wreathed around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals ;
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait ;
Graved o'er their seats the form of Time was
found,

His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound.
Within, stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.

High on a throne with trophies charged I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued ;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,

And his horn'd head belied the Lybian god.
There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone ;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
Unmoved, superior still, in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.

But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood :
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state ;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
And wise Anrelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates ;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell :
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names :
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant composed his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets dress'd,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast:
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,—
Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art;
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
"Arms and the man" in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for flight

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with the inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figured games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tuned the Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage to infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace,
A work outlasting monumental brass:
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate, fix'd in thought, the mighty Stagyrte:
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,—
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:

Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blazed, magnificently great :
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne :
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
But swell'd to larger size the more I gazed,
Till to the roof her towering front she raised.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told:
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string ;
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.
Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall :

Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend :
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same :
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgraced, and some with honours crown'd
Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer :
“ Long have we sought to instruct and please mankind
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne :
On wit and learning the just prize bestow
For fame is all we must expect below.”

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise :
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around ;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ;—
The notes, at first, were rather sweet than loud :
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.

At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread :
Less fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane :

“ Since living virtue is with envy cursed,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed the exact intrinsic worth.”

“ Not with bare justice shall your acts be crown’d,”
Said Fame, “ but high above desert renown’d :
Let fuller notes the applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.”

This band dismiss’d, behold another crowd
Preferr’d the same request, and lowly bow’d :
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserved a just return of praise.

But straight the direful trump of slander sounds ;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies.

The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,

And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet’s rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames and clouds of rolling smoke ;
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
“ For thee,” they cried, “ amidst alarms and strife,
We sail’d in tempests down the stream of life :
For thee whole nations fill’d with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.

Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own ;
What virtue seem'd was done for thee alone."
" Ambitious fools !" the queen replied, and frown'd,
" Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
Their sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !"
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
" Great idol of mankind, we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !
But, safe in deserts from the applause of men,
Would die unheard-of, as we lived unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O ! let us still the secret joys partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake."

" And live there men, who slight immortal Fame ?
Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise, Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath ;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said : in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
E'en listening angels lean from heaven to hear :
To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd :
" Hither," they cried, " direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;

Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays ;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair ;
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid ;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame."

The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleased with the same success, vast numbers press'd
Around the shrine, and made the same request :

'What you," she cried, "unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and e'en fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise ?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all."

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,—
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,—
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics :
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make the immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.

At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

 This having heard and seen, some power un-
 known
Straight changed the scene, and snatch'd me from the
 throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air ;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound ;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames, by nature, to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance :
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make ;
Another ambient circle then they move ;
That, in its turn, impels the next above ;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new ;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confused unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ;
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day :
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands.
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too :
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames ad-
vance ;

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
"grown and fit to grace a mortal tongue,

Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below,
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force :
Some to remain, and some to perish soon ;
Or wane and wax alternate with the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way ;
And long 'twas doubtful, though so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent.
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie ;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
" What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?"
" 'Tis true," said I, " not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
The estate which wits inherit after death !
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ;
All luckless wits their enemies profess'd,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call :
She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all ;
But, if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice,—
Oh ! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame ;
Then, teach me, Heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !”

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

From the Fifteenth of Ovid's Epistles.

ARGUMENT.

Phaon, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion : but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair, and, seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this epistle, in which she gives him a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence, and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to sooth him to softness and mutual feeling. (Anon.)

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
 Must, then, her name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost as to thy love?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
 The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse.

Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when, through ripen'd corn,
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Etna's fires !
No more my soul a charm in music finds,—
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds ;
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,—
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine !
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear ;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame ;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than e'en those gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire ;
To me what nature has in charms denied
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.

Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Persens with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved:
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleased, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fired,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desired,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame:
Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,—
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears;

My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame ;
An infant daughter late my griefs increased,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas ! what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes ?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow ;
No more my locks, in ringlets curl'd, diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
For braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind :
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
He's gone, whom only she desired to please !
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still 's there cause for Sappho still to love :
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come ;
Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn :
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep :
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus eyes.
O, scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy !
O, useful time for lovers to employ !
Pride of thy age and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !
The vows you never will return, receive ;
And take, at least, the love you will not give.

See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At least to feign was never hard to you!)
“Farewell, my Lesbian love,” you might have said;
Or coldly thus, “Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!”
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give.
But this,—“Be mindful of our loves, and live.”
Now, by the Nine, those powers adored by me,
And love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew),
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,—
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way the impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes:
“And why this grief? thy daughter lives,” he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim:
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!

'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night,
O night! more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine;
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give and take:
Then fiercer joys—I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again;
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains and through the silent grove:
As if the silent grove and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veiled our joys before!
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs, with bending tops, betray
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the grove, and all in silence lie,—
All but the mournful Philomel and I:

With mournful Philomel I join my strain :
Of Terens she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below ;
A flow'ry lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood ;
She stood and cried, " O, you that love in vain,
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd ;
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd ;
But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !"

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice ; I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove,
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love !
I go, ye nymphs ! where furious love inspires ;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below !
And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane ;

On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow
 And this inscription shall be placed below :
 ' Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ;
 What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee—
 The gift, the giver, and the god agree."

But why, alas ! relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ?
 Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
 And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
 Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 O, far more faithless, and more hard than they ?
 Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast
 Dash'd on these rocks, than to thy bosom press'd ?
 This breast, which once, in vain, you lik'd so well ?
 Where the loves play'd and where the muses dwell ?
 Alas ! the muses now no more inspire :
 Untun'd my lute and silent is my lyre ;
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling
 string

(My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign,
 Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song :
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires ;
 But, ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires !
 Gods ! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,—
 The flying winds have lost them all in air !

Oh, when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
If you return—ah, why these long delays ?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O, launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain ;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O, launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales ;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly (yet ah ! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas ;
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love !

JANUARY AND MAY;

OR, THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

From Chaucer.

THERE lived in Lombardy, as authors write,
 In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
 Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
 Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
 Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
 For long ago, let priests say what they could,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
 Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
 And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,
 Once ere he died, to taste the blissful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortified with reasons still
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will).
 Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;

To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,—
Full well they merit all they feel, and more :
Unawed by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join ;
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past ;
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and Heaven to please ;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day :
Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, and mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare !
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence, they style a wife
The dear-bought curse and lawful plague of life ;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are given,—
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass and glide away :
One solid comfort, our eternal wife
Abundantly supplies us all our life ;
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandsire, Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest'd,

With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade :
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best-reserv'd of God.

A wife! Ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity ?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son ;
Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife ;
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe ;
At Esther's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January, the sage,
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age !
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice ;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he
(As men that ask advice are wont to be).

" My friends," he cried (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke) :
" Beneath the weight of three score years I bend,
And worn with cares and hastening to my end :
How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,—
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell ;
But gracious Heaven has ope my eyes at last :
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy case.

But, since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one,
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

“ One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice: this wife must not be old.
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face ;
In that cold season love but treats his guest
With bean-straw and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed—
Those who are too wise for bachelors to wed ;
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice-married dames are mistresses of the trade :
But young and tender virgins, ruled with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

“ Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss,—
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss ;
Since, if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink down right to Satan when I die.
Or, were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed ;
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote ; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life :
Those that are bless'd with store of grace divine
May live the saints, by Heaven's consent and mine.

“ And, since I speak of wedlock, let me say
(As thank my stars, in modest truth I may),

My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part.
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below;
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter-greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,—
Let every friend with freedom speak his mind."

He said: the rest in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some praised with wit, and some with reason
blam'd;

Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate,—
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tongue):
"Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves experience dwells with years;
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice;
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.

"Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,—
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm that black was white,
My word was this,—'Your honour's in the right.'

The assuming wit, who deems himself so wise
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,—
A noble fool was never in a fault.

This, sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord :
Your will is mine, and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man !
At least, your courage all the world must praise
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray folks be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness and grave impudence."

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began :

" A heathen author of the first degree
(Who though not faith, had sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away ;
And, therefore, sir, as you regard your rest
First learn your lady's qualities, at least .
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind ;
But, if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commenda

And, spite of all his praises, must declare,—
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
 Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear!
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
 Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
 But, by the immortal powers, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain.
 Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure; for wisdom is an age;
 But at these years to venture on the fair!
 By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call,
 Would busy the most vigorous of us all.
 And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end."

" 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well," the knight replies,
 " Most worthy kinsman: 'faith you're mighty wise!
 We, sirs, are fools, and must resign the cause
 To heathenish authors, proverbs, and old saws."
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:
 " What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?"

" I say," quoth he, " by Heaven the man's to blame
 To slander wives and wedlock's holy name."
 At this the council rose, without delay;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
 With full consent, that, all disputes appeased,
 The knight should marry, when and where he pleased.

Who now but January exults with joy;
 The charms of wedlock all his *s* employ;

Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd,
And reign'd the short-lived tyrant of his breast ;
While fancy pictur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by ;
Still one by one, in swift succession pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspersed her fame :
That was with sense, but not with virtue bless'd :
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not,—love is always blind,
But every charm revolved within his mind :
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice ;
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.
“ Heaven, that,” said he, “ inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed :
Let none oppose the election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

“ A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise ;
Chaste, though not rich ; and, though not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease :

And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

“ One only doubt remains: full oft I’ve heard,
By casuists grave and deep divines averr’d,
That ’tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of Heaven above and earth below;
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill-exchanged for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch’d to the quick and tickled at the soul.

“ Sir knight,” he cried, “ if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whene’er you
wed;

And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o’er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, sir, abandon’d to despair:
Seek, and perhaps you’ll find among the fair
One that may do your business to a hair;
Not e’en in wish your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason’s rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;

Consult with those, and be of better cheer,
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear."

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd ;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply ;
The old have interest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind ;
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read ;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent :
Forth came the priest, and bade the obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life ;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace gates are opened wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound ;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,—
These touch the vocal stops and those the trembling
string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamus, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace
(So poets sing), was present on the place :
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danced around, and smil'd on every knight :

Pleased her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spied
So kind a bridegroom or so bright a bride.

Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your soft numbers can display
The matchless glories of the blissful day;
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her lord.
Not Esther's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king.
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side;
Nor envied Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolved, with vast delight,
The entrancing raptures of the approaching night,
Restless he sat, invoking every power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls wen
round.

With odorous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious 'squire,
Consumed at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest;
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Till on his bed, and loathed the light of day.

There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The wearied sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook the horison, and roll'd down the light :
While glittering stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests ; and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess ;
But first thought fit the assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give ;
Satyrion near with hot eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,—
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems me not to say ;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night ;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay :
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast :
For every labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive 'squire oppress'd,—
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast :
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell ;
Yet hoping time the occasion might betray
Composed a sonnet to the lovely May

Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run
('Twas June, and Cancer had received the sun),
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride ;
The good old knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung,—they feasted in the hall ;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The 'squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
The obliging dames obeyed with one consent ;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sate the gentle May ;
Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view !
Then gave his bill, and bribed the powers divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May ?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay ;
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
Till coughs awaked him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell ;
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed ;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love
Shed its selectest influence from above ;

Whatever was the cause, the tender dame

At the first motions of an infant flame ;

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Received the impressions of the love-sick 'squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love !
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd or drown'd :
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too weak to prove a homicide.

But to my tale :—some ages have defin'd,
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of human kind :
Our knight (who studied much, we may suppose)
Derived his high philosophy from those !
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp and proud magnificence :
His house was stately, his retinue gay,—
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place :
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance ;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd ;
About this spring (if ancient fame say true),
The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursue ;
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbl'd through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care).
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
He used from noise and business to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola with his sprightly May:
For whate'er work was undischarged a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But, ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
How short a space our worldly joys endure!
O! Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithless still, and wavering as the wind!
O! painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this amorous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seized his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day,
Abridged her pleasures, and confined her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For, oh! 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her amorous 'squire,
Wild with delay and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
y secret writing to disclose his pain:

The dame by sighs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah ! gentle knight, what could thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail ?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd for all his hundred eyes :
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procured the key her knight was wont to bear :
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave the impression to the trusty 'squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung, sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that which love will not explore ?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do :
Though watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But, now no longer from our tale to stray,
It happ'd that once, upon a summer's day,
Our reverend knight was urg'd to amorous play :
He raised his spouse ere matin bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung :
" Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes ;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise !
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain ;
The winter's past ; the clouds and tempests fly ;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the
sky.

Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age."

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle 'squire obey'd:
Secret and undescried, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

"Here let us walk," he said, "observed by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear:
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

"Consider, then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:

As, ~~take~~ your own terms, and, ere to-morrow's sun
Shall rise his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.

The end The
As, As,
As, As,

I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind ;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?"

He ceased, and May with modest grace replied
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried),
" Heaven knows," with that a tender sigh she drew,
" I have a soul to save as well as you ;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band ;
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear :

" First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend ;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well ;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race :
For know, sir knight, of gentle blood I came ;
I loathe a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to suspect :
Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me ?
These doubts and fears of female constancy ?
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear "

JANUARY AND MAY.

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian, kneeling, worshipp'd as she pass'd.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh :
'Twas charged with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither the obsequious 'squire address'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place ;
The knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heavenly progress through the Twins had run ;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ;
He pierced the glittering clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the wombs of earth with genial beams.

It so befell, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensward bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain ;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen :—

“ 'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man :
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

“ Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,—
Wiser monarch never saw the sun ;

All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said,—‘ Of all mankind,
One only just and righteous hope to find :
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.’

“ Thus says the king, who knew your wickedness :
The son of Sirach testifies no less.

So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all ;
As well you view the leecher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see :
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case),
His 'squire shall cuckold him before your face.

“ Now, by my own dread majesty I swear
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunished long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And in the very act restore his sight ;
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.”

“ And will you so,” replied the queen, “ indeed ?
Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age !
Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place,
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear ;

Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

“What though this slanderous Jew, this Solo-
mon,

Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one :
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are :
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death.
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

“But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we ?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sovereign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst : shall women, then, be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon has said ?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts ;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol-gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater ;
Whose reign, indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;
David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

“Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak ;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know, then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.”

“Nay,” quoth the king, “dear madam, be not wroth;

I yield it up; but, since I gave my oath
That this much-injur’d knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a king,” said he,
“And one whose faith has ever sacred been.”
“And so has mine,” said she,—“I am a queen;
Her answer she shall have, I undertake,
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list, and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.”

We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:
This was his song,—“Oh, kind and constant be,—
Constant and kind I’ll ever prove to thee.”

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew;
The longing dame look’d up, and spied her love
Full fairly perch’d among the boughs above.
She stopp’d, and, sighing,—“Oh, good gods!” she
cried,

‘What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side!
O! for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of heaven’s immortal queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!’

Sore sigh’d the knight to hear his lady’s cry,
..... could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eyesight, too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
“And must I languish, then,” she said, “and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?

At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take,
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me."

"With all my soul," he thus replied again;
"I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain."
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seized a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
'Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and stood restored to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent:
But, when he saw his bosom wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers, when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cried, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair:
"Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?"

"What ails my lord?" the trembling dame replied;
"I thought your patience had been better tried:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cured the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love?"

"If this be struggling, by his holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance," quoth the knight :
"So Heaven preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whored ;
Whored by my slave—perfidious wretch ! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well !"

"Guard me, good angels !" cried the gentle May ;
"Pray, Heaven, this magic work the proper way !
Alas, my love ! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had used these killing words to me :
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light."

"What I have said," quoth he, "I must maintain
For by the immortal powers it seem'd too plain."

"By all those powers, some phrenzy seized your
mind,"

Replied the dame : "are these the thanks I find ?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind !"

She said : a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wiped from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).

The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd :

"Madam, 'tis pass'd, and my short anger o'er ;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more :
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made :
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw.

By Heaven, I swore but what I thought I saw."

"Ah, my lov'd lord, 'twas much unkind," she cried
"On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight's established for awhile,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age."

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle 'squire obey'd:
Secret and undescried, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

"Here let us walk," he said, "observed by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear:
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

"Consider, then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and, ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.

I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind ;
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Whose reign, indulgent God, says holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;
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“Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak ;
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The longing dame look’d up, and spied her love
Full fairly perch’d among the boughs above.
She stopp’d, and, sighing,—“Oh, good gods!” she
cried,

‘What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side!
O! for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of heaven’s immortal queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!’

Sore sigh’d the knight to hear his lady’s cry,
He could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eyesight, too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
“And must I languish, then,” she said, “and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?

At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take,
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me."

"With all my soul," he thus replied again;
"I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain."
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seized a twig, and up the tree she went.

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Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
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What feats the lady in the tree might do,
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But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and stood restored to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent:
But, when he saw his bosom wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers, when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cried, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair:
"Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?"

"What ails my lord?" the trembling dame replied;
"I thought your patience had been better tried:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cured the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?

Did I for this the power of magic prove?

Happy wife, whose crime was too much love?"

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’Tis struggling with a vengeance,” quoth the knight :
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As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whored ;
Whored by my slave—perfidious wretch ! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well !”

“ Guard me, good angels !” cried the gentle May ;
“ Pray, Heaven, this magic work the proper way !
Alas, my love ! ’tis certain, could you see,
You ne’er had used these killing words to me :
So help me, Fates, as ’tis no perfect sight,
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Wretch that I am, that e’er I was so kind !”

She said : a rising sigh express’d her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wiped from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).

The knight was touch’d, and in his looks appear’d
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer’d :

“ Madam, ’tis pass’d, and my short anger o’er ;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more :
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made :
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw.

By Heaven, I swore but what I thought I saw.”

“ Ah, my lov’d lord, ’twas much unkind,” she cried
“ On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight’s established for awhile,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
So, just recovering from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light;
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
your sight:

Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem,—
Heaven knows how seldom things are what they
seem!

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind.
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss."

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
With well-dissembl'd virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturbed with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renewed their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH;

HER PROLOGUE.

From Chaucer.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
 And hear with reverence an experienced wife!
 To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
 And think for once a woman tells you true.
 In all these trials I have borne a part,
 I was myself the scourge that caused the smart:
 For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
 Five captive husbands, from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
 And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
 Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
 No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
 The words address'd to the Samaritan:
 Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
 And sure the certain stint was ne'er defined.

"Increase and multiply," was Heaven's command
 And that's a text I clearly understand.
 This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
 And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
 More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
 Or else the wisest of mankind's belied.
 I've had myself full many a merry fit,
 And trust in heaven, I may have many yet;
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
 Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declared 'twas better for to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow:
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle, too, has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found;
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity:
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice,—
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways,—on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.

Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Lived an unspotted maid, in spite of man;
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given;
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad;
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.

Sure to be loved, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace; with showers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old :
If I but smiled, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seized them when I frown'd.

Ye sovereign wives ! give ear and understand :
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command,
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can ;
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

“ Hark, old sir Paul ! ” ’twas thus I used to say,
“ Whence is our neighbour’s wife so rich and gay ?
Treated, caress’d, where’er she’s pleased to roam --
I sit in tatters, and immured at home :
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair ?
Art thou so amorous ? and is she so fair ?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord ! how you swell, and rage like any fiend !
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair :
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that’s female to the devil.

“ If poor (you say), she drains her husband’s purse ;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse ;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride, by turns, possess her brain ;
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she’s sick :
If fair, when chaste, she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack’d on every side ;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,

Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so gray, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

“Horses (thou sayest) and asses, men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy :
But wives, a random choice, untried they take,—
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake :
Then, nor till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.

“You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face ;
Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, ‘My life! My dear!’
If, by strange chance, a modest blush be raised,
Be sure my fine complexion must be praised;
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleased, and favourite maid ;
And endless treats, and endless visits, paid
To a long train of kindred friends, allies.
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

“On Jenkin, too, you cast a squinting eye;
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair;
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,—
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

“Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
Heed, not I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.

If you had wit, you'd say, 'Go where you will,
Dear spouse,—I credit not the tales they tell :
Take all the freedoms of a married life ;
I know thee for a virtuous faithful wife.'

“ Lord ! when you have enough, what need you
care

How merrily soever others fare ?
Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

“ There's danger too, you think, in rich array :
And none can long be modest that are gay,
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within ;
But, once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun ;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her fur, and thus be catawaw'd.”

Lo ! thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires ;
I told them, thus you say, and thus you do,
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as wine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors
And swore the rambles that I took at night
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth ;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,

I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 "What! so familiar with your spouse?" I cried:
 I levied first a tax upon his need,
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,—
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
 With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling for gold.
 Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a tear dispute I was unable,
 E'en though the Pope himself had sat at table;
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
 "Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
 Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
 Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek!
 Of Job's great patience, since so oft you preach,
 Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 But I, my dearest, will instruct you how;
 Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
 Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 One of us two must rule, and one obey:
 And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
 The wives of all my family have ruled
 Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
 'Tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
 What! would you have me to yourself alone?

Why take me, love! take all and every part!
Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.
But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame;
What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus, with my first three lords, I pass'd my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procured young husbands in my riper days.
Though pass'd my bloom, not yet decay'd was I
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances, still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail.
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But ch! good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty pass'd,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now, all my conquests, all my charms, good night
The flour consumed, the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body in a filthy way:

But I so dress'd, and danced, and drank, and dined,
 And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
 With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here, on earth, I was his purgatory.
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and sate, and sung;
 How sore I gall'd him, only Heaven could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caused the woe.
 He died, when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
 And now lies buried, underneath a rood,
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
 A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures graced
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow placed,
 Or where enshrined the great Darius lay:
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away;
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
 So bless the good man's soul, I'll say no more.

Now for my fifth loved lord, the last and best,
 (Kind Heaven afford him everlasting rest!)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can show
 The tokens on my ribs, in black and blue;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains;
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap,—
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregiously clerk;
 He boarded with a widow in the town,
 A rusty gossip, one dame Allison

Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall :
Had but my husband piss'd against the wall,
Or done a thing that would have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all : what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal ;
Oft has he blush'd, from ear to ear, for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befell, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town) ;
From house to house, we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade,
The stations duly and the vigils kept ;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay ;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array ;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields
This clerk and I were walking in the fields ;
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;
I still have shifts against the time of need :
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him ;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown,
All this I said ; but dreams, sirs, I had none ;
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we pass'd :
It pleased the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne ;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk, too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods ! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair !
Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be,
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he :
But vigorous still, a lively buxom dame ;
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
Assured me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars ordered, such my life has been :
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin !
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale : a month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day ;
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land :

But oft repented, and repent it still :
He prov'd a rebel to my sovereign will :
Nay once, by Heaven, he struck me on the face ;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I,
And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes ;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife :
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
Oft would he say, " Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home."
All this avail'd not ; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally :
And so do numbers more, I boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies !) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole ; and of St. Jerome part ;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art ,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves :
And many more than sure the church approves.
More legions were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and saints' lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd ?—'Twas a man.
But could we women write as scholars can,

Men should stand mark'd with far more wicked
ness

Than all the sons of Adam could redress.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow
(This by the way, but to my purpose now).

It chanced my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in the envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How cursed Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleased him was the Cretan Dame,
And Husband bull—oh! monstrous, fie for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw,
Who took it patiently, and wiped his head;
'Rain follows thunder,'—that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.

"Where grows this plant," replied the friend, "oh!
where?

or better fruit did never orchard bear

Give me some slips of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted it shall be."

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seized his giddy head,—
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have
slain,

And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion:
All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
frown'd:

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consumed in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side.

"Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth," I cried.
"Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace."—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face:
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd, and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"

But, after many a hearty struggle pass'd,
I condescended to be pleased at last.
Soon as he said, "My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list the term of all your life,"
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;

Received the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now, Heaven, on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above for tortures felt below :
That rest they wished for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!



THE FIRST BOOK OF
STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year 1703.



ARGUMENT.

Œdipus, King of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother, Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayers to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage between Polynices and one of the daughters of Andrastus, King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the

agreement. Polynices, in the meantime, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughter should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcæbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The translator hopes he need not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood; but, finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes' alarms,
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the muse inspires.
O, goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil?
Or, how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?

Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage the unhappy monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fiends the furious mother flew
And, while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plunged into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing,—
How twice he tamed proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous
blood;

Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole:
Or long before, with early valour, strove
In youthful arms to assert the cause of Jove.
And thou! great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
O! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What, though the stars contract their heavenly
space,

And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to cart thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;

Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.

The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame :
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding muse
In Theban wars a humbler theme may choose :
Of furious hate, surviving death, she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames, that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear :
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts ;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate ?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate ?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide ?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd ?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Œdipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night ;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within ;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul ;
The wretch then lifted to the unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his ey

Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:

“ Ye gods! that o’er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll’d
Through dreary coasts, which I, though blind, behold;
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care!
If you received me from Jocasta’s womb,
And nurs’d the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha’s temple, on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphinx’s riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promised reign;
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain’d my mother’s bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew’d;
Then, self-condemn’d to shades of endless night,
Forced from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
O! hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou mightst inspire!
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil’d of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o’er my urn;
These sons, ye gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?

Thou fury, then, some lasting curse entail,

Which o’er their children’s children shall prevail:

O, CL
O'er

13, O O, CL
13, O O, CL

Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear ;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany !
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands :
Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came."

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink ;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the startling serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night ;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembl'd at her view :
To the iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and, sickening at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight ;
With eager speed the well-known journey took
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,

In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow :
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, labouring with strong charms, she shoots from
high

A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood-stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there
came

Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From every blast of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and
death.

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand ;
A serpent, from her left, was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round ;
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through the Achaian cities send the sound.
Æte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice ;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise ;
Again, Lencothoe shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer to her arms :
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings ;
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest ;
And all the furies wake within their breast.

Their tortured minds repining envy tears,
And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears ;
And sacred thirst of sway ; and all the ties
Of nature broke ; and royal perjuries ;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne ;
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided power.

As stubborn steers, by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd, reluctant, to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
The unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay :
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :
Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate ;
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees, with anguish, his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet, then, no proud aspiring piles were raised,
No fretted roof with polish'd metals blazed ;
No labour'd columns in long order placed ;
No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced ;
No nightly bands, in glittering armour, wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate ;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould ;
Nor gems, on bowls emboss'd, were seen to shine
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—

Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage ?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage ?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day :
For crimes like these, not all the realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize !

But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown :
What joys, oh tyrant ! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves, thou couldst around survey :
Pleased to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne !

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent ;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate ;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who grow beneath the sway
Of kings imposed, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spite
With scandal arm'd, the ignoble mind's delight),
Exclaim'd—" O, Thebes ! for thee what fates remain
What woes attend this inauspicious reign !
Must we, alas ! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change, whom, changed, we still must
fear ?

These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state ;
E'en fortune rules no more:—O, servile land,
Where exiled tyrants still by turns command !

Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this the eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain;
And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First raised our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks the unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in the face appears!
What sudden fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder, then, he was not then alone?
O, wretched we, a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!

“As when two winds, with rival force, contend,
This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate;
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this com-
mands.”

And now the almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes:

Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies ;
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all the extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of heaven superior shone ;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Jove's assent, the deities around,
In solemn state, the consistory crown'd :
Next, a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers ;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
And those that give the wandering winds to blow ;
Here all their rage, and e'en their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes ;
Heaven seems improved with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke ;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.

“ How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky !
O, race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er the eluded rage of Jove !
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain ;
The o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires,
The Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.

For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heaven itself the wandering chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign
Released the impetuous sluices of the main;
But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain.
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace
From godlike Perseus, those of Argive race:
Unhappy Cadmus' fate, who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
The exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
The savage hunter, and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet, why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And, rising, gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, O Œdipus, just Heaven alarms,
And sets the avenging Thunderer in arms;
I, from the root, thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.

Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line :
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed ;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed :
Fix'd is their doom ; this all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast."

He said ; and thus the queen of heaven return'd
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd) ;
" Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend ?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame :
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept and bled ;
Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold.
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguised in borrow'd shapes ;
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danced around her bed ;
Cursed Thebes the vengeance it deserves may
prove—

Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove ?
Yet, since thou wilt thy sister queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall ;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke ;
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,—
Let altars blaze, and temples smoke for her ;

For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage ;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance ; to what bounds confined ?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce CEnomaus, defiled with blood ;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please ? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove !
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care ?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race derived from thee :
On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those."
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast ;
Unmoved remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply :
" 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care :
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend ;

Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will.
For, by the black infernal Styx I swear
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer),
'Tis fix'd ; the irrevocable doom of Jove ;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air ;
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;
Bid Hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Læius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the further strand ;
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear :
That, from his exiled brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promised empire, and alternate reign ;
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate :
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate."

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seized the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers the ethereal height ;
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime, the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through the Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,

His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.

Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toss'd,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And famed Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast).
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And then declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light:

Wide o'er the world, in solemn pomp, she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew ;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd : sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day ;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of night ;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds, with roaring sound,
Burst from the Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky ;
But with a thicker night black Anster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily showers.
From pole to pole, the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round ;
The Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on :
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away :
Old limbs, of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne :
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.

The intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amazed, what doubtful path to tread ;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Böotes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps ;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increased ;
With his broad shield opposed he forced his way
Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of prey,
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light :
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies ;
On this side, Lerna's poisonous water lies,—
On that, Prosymna's grove and temple rise :
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way ;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days.
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line :

Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apo'lo (wondrous to relate !
But who can pierce into the depths of fate ?)
Had sung,—“ Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion and a bristly boar.”
This, long revolved in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain :
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo ! hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seized with horror, in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urged his flight.
Now, by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from the inclement heaven,
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
To Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court ;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs ;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youth's toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
CEnides' manly shoulders overspread :
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood ;
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep
The king the accomplish'd oracie surveys,

Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every vein.
To heaven he lifts his hand, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night :

“ Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train ;
You, who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by the inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day :
O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate !
Be present still : oh goddess ! in our aid
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay ;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a graceful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos ! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus : I confess the gods !”

Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd :
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd :
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light ;

Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
 When from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright,
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then on their father's reverend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
 Which Danaus used in sacred rites of old,
 With sculpture graced, and rough with rising
 gold.

Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And, e'en in gold, turns paler as she dies.
 There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars,
 Till, as he rises in the ethereal height,
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;

While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze ;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The first libation sprinkled on the ground :
By turns, on each celestial power they call,
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.

Then thus the king : " Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause : our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise ;
But, saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the god of day.

" When by a thousand darts the Python slain,
With orbs unroll'd, lay covering all the plain
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poison with his triple tongue),
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd ;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy ! and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful, or less beloved !
But Phœbus loved, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd ;

Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn
The illustrious offspring of the god was born ;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade ;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

“ How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine !
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine !
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumber on his infant eyes.
Yet e'en in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give ,
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breathed the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
The astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,—
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair ;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

“ But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares to avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs ;
 out the realm she walks her dreadful round,
 hen night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,

Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

‘ But generous rage the bold Chorcæbus warms,—
Chorcæbus, famed for virtue, as for arms ;
Some few like him, inspired with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried ;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side,
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youth surround her with extended spears,
But brave Chorcæbus in the front appears ;
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restored.
The Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embrued
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale e'en in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast ;
And ravenous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
“ But, fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below :
A night of sultry clouds involved around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground .
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,

And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year,
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

“ Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero ! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save ;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke :

“ With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear ;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays ;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air !
But if the abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above do more compassion find,—
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel ?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all ;
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send ;
Let for my country let my fate atone,—
I will mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.”

“ Merit distress’d, impartial Heaven relieves ;
Unwelcome life, relenting Phœbus gives :
For not the vengeful power, that glow’d with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispersed, Apollo’s wrath expired,
And from the wondering god the unwilling youth retired.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feast, and praise :
Those solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please ;
These honours still renew’d, his ancient wrath appease.

“ But say, illustrious guest !” adjoin’d the king,
“ What name you bear, from what high race you spring :
The noble Tydeus stands confess’d, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to vacuous talk invite.”

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confused, and sadly thus, at length, replies :
“ Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh, generous prince !) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll’d ?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold !
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,
Know, then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta’s son, and Thebes my native place.”

To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch’d with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies :—“ Ah, why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame ?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
E’en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole ;

And those who tread the burning Lybian lands,
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands ;
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds :
 All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
 If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
 What prince from those his lineage can defend !
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine to efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
 And be thyself the honour of thy race.
 But see ! the stars begin to steal away,
 And shine more faintly at approaching day.
 Now pour the wine ; and in your tuneful lays
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."

Oh, father Phœbus ! whether Lycia's coast
 And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast ;
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
 And bathe in silver dew's thy yellow hair ;
 Or, pleased to find fair Delos float no more,
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore ;
 Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
 The shining structures raised by labouring gods ;
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne ;
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn :
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
 The change of sceptres, and impending woe ;
 When direful meteors spread through glowing
 air

Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
 excel the music of thy heavenly lyre ;

Thy shafts avenged lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
The immortal victim of thy mother's fame ;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears :
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock, that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine !
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays the Achæmenes adore ;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain ;
Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows ;
Mithra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,—BOOK 9.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair consort of her son replies :
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own ;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No nymph of all Æchalia could compare
 For heauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride).
 This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
 Andræmon loved ; and, bless'd in all those charms
 That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
 And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought ;
 Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
 Not distant far, a watery lotos grows ;
 The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
 Adorn'd with blossoms, promised fruits that vie
 In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :
 Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son ;
 And I myself the same rash act had done,
 But, lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)
 Violated blossoms drop with blood.

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis, the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form ; and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight,
And first the pardon of the nymphs implored,
And those offended sylvan powers adored :
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground :
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above ;
She feels the encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below :
Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceived a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embraced thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andraemon and the unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire ;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind ;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.

The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

“ If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all the unpitying powers of heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
In mutual innocence our lives we led :
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey !
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree ; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies :
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers ; but, warn'd by me
Believe a goddess shrined in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.

I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :
 Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice,
 Without their aid, to seal those dying eyes."

She ceased at once to speak, and ceased to be ;
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;
 Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.



VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,—BOOK 4.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign :
 Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improved the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;
 'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burdens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach the obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives ;
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
 To lawless sylvans all access denied.

How oft the satyrs and the wanton fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensigns scare the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair !
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame ;
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight, a thousand forms he wears ;
And first a reaper from the field appears :
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade ;
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoked the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears ;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs :
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens entered, and the fruit survey'd ;
And " Happy you ! " he thus address'd the maid,
" Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine
As other gardens are excell'd by thine ! "

Then kiss'd the fair (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow);
Then, placed beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And praised the beauty of the pleasing sight.

“ Yet this tall elm, but for this vine,” he said,
“ Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah, beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love:
Deign to be loved, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urged the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
E'en now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,—
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt for love
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd),
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives: and you alone shall share
His last affection as his early care.”

Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bless'd.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruit are due
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you),—
He values these: but yet, alas! complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red the autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the god's desire:
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted
boughs!"

This when the various god had urged in vain,
He straight assumed his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds the emerging sun appears,
And, thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepared, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face;
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of ragerie,
 Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
 Thilka moral shall ye understond,
 From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Ireland :
 Which to the fennes hath him betake,
 To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
 Right then, there passen by the way
 His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
 Duche in his trowsers hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of ladies gent.
 " But ho ! our nephew," crieth one,
 " Ho !" quoth another, " cozen John ;"
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
 This silly clerke full low doth lout :
 They asken that, and talken this,
 " Lo ! here is coz, and here is miss."
 But, as he glozeth with speeche's soote,
 The duche sore tickleth his erse roote ;
 Fore piece and buttons all to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
 " Te-he," cried ladies ; clerke nought spake :
 Miss stared, and gray duche cryeth " Quaake."
 " O moder, moder," quoth the daughter,
 " Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter ?
 Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
 Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

S P E N S E R.

THE ALLEY.

IN every town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
And narrow pass there is with houses low ;
Where, ever and anon, the stream is eyed,
And many a boat, soft sliding to and fro :
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall :
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so ?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie ;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by ;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are sun-barnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets, to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between ;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds ; bad neighbour-
hood I ween.

The snappish cur (the passenger's annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies ;
The whimpering girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries ;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound ;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies ;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are
drown'd.

Hard by a sty, beneath a rook of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy (spitting cat), dread foe to peace;
Like a cursed cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to
tatters.

Her dugs were mark'd by every collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dog's at the stall;
She scratch'd, bit, and spared ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call;
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance, like modest virgin, look.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch.
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are eyed
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's
towery pride.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd, the conquest of your eyes :
 Well might, alas ! that threaten'd vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays,
 Which must be heavenly when an angel plays :
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heavenly music should be heard alive.
 Orpheus could charm the trees ; but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he :
 A poet made the silent wood pursue,
 This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.



ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN,

*In which was painted the Story of Cephalus and
 Procris, with the Motto, " Aura veni."*

" COME, gentle air !" the Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade,
 " Come, gentle air !" the fairer Delia cries,
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo, the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play !
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound :
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove ;
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love

Yet guiltless to the bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives ;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.



COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

Fain would my muse the flowery treasure sing,
And humble glories of the youthful spring :
Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews ;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light,
And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted floweret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow ;
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows ;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join ;
Exceed their promise in their ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play
By laurels shielded from the piercing day ;
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her •

Still turns her beauties from the invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream ;
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.



WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes :
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise :
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which also we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day :
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye
Declare our doom is drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaeton appears,
That Heaven, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears :
Else might the ambitious nymph aspire
To set, like him, heaven too on fire.



EARL OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity,
Thou wert, ere nature's self began to be ;
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

Thine was the sway, ere heaven was form'd, or earth
Ere fruitful thought conceived creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth

The various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combined,
And framed the clamorous race of busy human-kind.

The tongue moved gently first, and speech was low
Till wrangling science taught it noise and show
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

But rebel wit deserts thee oft in vain ;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise ;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise !

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd ;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name
The only honour of the wishing dame ;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free
 How church and state should be obliged to thee ;
 At senate and at bar how welcome wouldst thou be !

Yet speech e'en there submissively withdraws,
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause :
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
 What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

The country wit, religion of the town,
 The courtier's learning, policy of the gown,
 Are best by thee express'd ; and shine in thee alone.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee,
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.



EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke ;
 Yet in some things methinks she fails :
 'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as high Dutch bride,
 Such nastiness, and so much pride,
 Are oddly join'd by fate :
 On her large squab you find her spread,
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face ;
All white and black beside :
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majestically stalk ;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.



P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,—
Open she was, and unconfined,
Like some free port of trade ;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether the Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French, came to her ;
To all obliging she'd appear :
'Twas " Si Signor," 'twas " Yaw Mynheer."
'Twas " S'il vous plait, Monsieur."

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, crimes,

At length she turns a bride :
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the bishop's blessing :
 A wife that makes conserves ; a steed
 That carries double when there's need ;
 October store, and best Virginia,
 Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea :
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd
 A large Concordance, bound long since ;
 Sermons to Charles the First, when prince :
 A Chronicle of ancient standing ;
 A Chrysostom to smooth—thy hand in :
 The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
 Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next :
 Lo ! here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
 To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays—if he will;
 Toast church and queen, explain the news,
 Talk with churchwardens about pews;
 Pray heartily for some new gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor Sw***t.



O D E.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame;
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 Oh grave! where is thy victory?
 Oh death! where is thy sting?

TWO CHORUSES TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Altered from Shakspeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed, to supply as many, wanting in his Play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham House.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

Strophe 1.

YE shades where sacred truth is sought ;
Groves, where immortal sages taught ;
Where heavenly visions Plato fired,
And Epicurus lay inspired !
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

Antistrophe 1.

Oh, heaven-born sisters ! source of art !
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart ;
Who lead fair virtue's train along,
Moral truth and mystic song !
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly ?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore ?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more ?

Strophe 2.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild barbarians spurn her dust !

Perhaps e'en Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore :
 See arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole !
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

Antistrophe 2.

Ye gods ! what justice rules the ball !
 Freedom and arts together fall ;
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 O, cursed effects of civil hate,
 In every age, in every state !
 Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Semichorus.

OH, tyrant Love ! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But, entering, learns to be sincere.
 Marcus, with blushes, owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reprove.
 Why, virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which nature hath impress'd ?
 Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and generous breast ?

Chorus.

Love's purer flames the gods approve ;
 The gods and Brutus bend to love :

Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love ? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust ;
 A vapour fed from wild desire ;
 A wandering, self-consuming fire.
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the sun.

Semichorus.

Oh, source of every social tie,
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend :
 Whether his hoary sire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move !
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With reverence, hope, and love.

Chorus.

Hence, guilty joys, dictates, surmises ;
 Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine :
 Purest Love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure ;
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT;

BEING

THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the first Publication of this Epistle.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of Verses to the imitators of Horace, and of an epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, from a nobleman at Hampton Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my person, morals, and family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious, or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names; and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them to know, it was owing to

the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. "SHUT, shut the door, good John," fatigued I said,
"Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."

The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
E'en Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross—
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd wall—
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,

* [O H O] * * * imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write: if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh were want of goodness, and of grace;
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your peace nine years."

"Nine years," cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect: why take it,—
I'm all submission; what you'd have it make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace;
I want a patron; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better
Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger sues
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
 Fired that the house reject him, "Sdeath! I'll print it,
 And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot."
 "Lintot, dull rouge! will think your price too much:"
 "Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks:
 At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 "Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king),
 His very minister, who spied them first
 (Some say his queen), was forced to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things—
 I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
 The truth once told, (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel: take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
 Destroy his fib or sophistry,—in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,

Throned on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? Has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colly still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henly? his freemasons Moore?
Does not one table Bavins still admit?
Still to one bishop Phillips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God's sake—you'll offend
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and am twice as tall:
But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an eye"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came ;
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd :
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife ;
To help me through this long disease, my life :
To second, Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish ? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write ;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays ;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head.
And St. John's self (Great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved !
Happier their author, when by these beloved !
From these the world may judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers : who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense ?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
" A painted mistress, or a purling stream."
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill ;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still :
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret ;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;
If wrong, I smiled ; if right, I kiss'd the rod :
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bently down to piddling Tibbalds:
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
E'en such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry, I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year:
He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe
And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;

Bless'd with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged:
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write:
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth day song.
I ne'er with wits nor witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side:

But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill :
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead,
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place ;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat:
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh ;
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye :
But still the great have kindness in reserve,—
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey-goose quill !
May every Bavius have his Bufo still !
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
Bless'd be the great ! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me Gay ;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb ;
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn !
Oh, let me live my own, and die so too !
(To live and die is all I have to do) :

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books, I please :
 Above a patron, though I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs :
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
 Heavens ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
 Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?
 " I found him close with Swift " — " Indeed ! No doubt,"
 Cries prating Balbus, " something will come out."
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will ;
 " No, such a genius never can lie still ."
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
 Poor guiltless I ! and can I choose but smile,
 When every coxcomb knows me by my style ?

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear ?
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out ;
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet, absent, wounds an author's honest fame :
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love ?
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,
 And wants the honour, injured, to defend ;

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray :
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there ;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie :
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—A. What ? that thing of silk
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk ?
Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies ;
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing ; that, acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart ;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, and reptile all the rest :

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will
trust,

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Nor lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud nor servile : be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways ;
That flattery, e'en to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song ;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit or fearing to be hit :
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dullness not his own,
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue ! all the past :
For thee, fair virtue ! welcome e'en the last.

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state ;

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail :

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,

Or night of the post corrupt, or of the shire ;

If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit ;
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress !
So humble he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber,—nay, has rhymed to
Moore.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please a mistress, one aspersed his life ;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will ;
Let the two Curls of town and court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why ?—That father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore,—
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore !
Unspotted names, and memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray ?—

P. Their own,

And better got than Bestia's from the thro
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a nobler wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age :
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Ner dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.

He learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O! grant me thus to live, and thus to die:
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine;
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death:
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend!
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen!

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED.

The occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person: and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was lord treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been secretary of state; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And, indeed, there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas, to a true satirist, nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)—
There are, to whom my satire seems too bold;

Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.
 The lines are weak, another's pleased to say ;
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
 Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
 I come to counsel learned in the law :
 You'll give me, like a friend, both sage and free
 Advice : and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write ? But then I think,
 And, for my soul, I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in company, I wake at night,
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
 Why, if the night seems tedious—take a wife :
 Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip wine ; *probatum est*.
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
 Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,—
 You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What ! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
 With arms and George and Brunswick crowd the verse,
 Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
 With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder ?
 Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
 Paint angels trembling round his falling horse ?

F. Then all your muse's softer art display,
 Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
 Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
 And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas ! few verses touch their nicer ear ;
 They scarce can bear their laureat twice a year :
 And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays ;
 It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
 Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
 E'en those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam :
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more ;
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny
 Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham pie ;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling lustres dance as fast as she ;
 F— loves the senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one egg to another.
 I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright Shippen or as old Montague ;
 In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
 Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
 Publish the present age ; but where my text
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next :
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And every friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
 Verseman or proseman, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between,
 Like good Erasmus in an honest mean.
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
 I only wear it in a land of Hector's,
 Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
 Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
 But touch me, and no minister so sore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burden of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
 Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 P**x*'d by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
 Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels;
 Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
 'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
 And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,—
 They'll never poison you, they'll only chea

Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter shor
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
 Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attend to gild the evening of my day,
 Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
 To wrap me in the universal shade;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
 In flower of age you perish for a song!

Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!

P. What! arm'd for Virtue when I point the
pen,

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots e'en in Louis' reign?
Could laureat Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;

To help who want, to forward who excel ;
 This, all who know me, know ; who love me, tell ;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
 What saith my counsel, learned in the laws ?

F. Your plea is good ; but still I say, beware !
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes ;
 Consult the statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.
 See libels, satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and satires ! lawiess things indeed !
 But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
 Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
 Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed !

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed ;
 In such a case the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
 My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

BOOK II. SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
 To live on little with a cheerful heart
 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine) :
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
 Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
 Turns you from sound philosophy aside ;
 Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,

But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

“Go—work, hunt, exercise,” he thus began,
“Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock’d up, your butler stroll’d abroad
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw’d),
If, then, plain bread and milk will do the feat,—
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.”
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen ;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers, green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat),
Yet for small turbot such esteem profess ?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, “Send me, gods ! a whole hog barbecue’d !”
O blast it, south winds ! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit’s tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d’ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink ?
When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat ;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see ;
Thus much is left of old simplicity !
The robin-red breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin’s nest,
Till beccaficos sold so devilish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,
I’ll have a party at the Bedford Head ;
Or e’en to crack live crawfish recommend,
I’d never doubt at court to make a friend.

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other :
Between excess and famine lies a mean ;
Plain, but not sordid ; though not splendid, clean.

Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine ;
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear :
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that ;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings temperance can bring
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing) :
First, health : the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy or a city feast !

What life in all that ample body ? Say,
What heavenly particle inspires the clay ?

H
Rise
Rise

H H
H H
Rise Rise
Rise Rise

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal e'en in sound divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind !
How easy every labour it pursues !
How coming to the poet every muse !
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme ;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage ;
And more the sickness of long life, old age :
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains ?

Our fathers praised rank venison. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.
Not so : a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last :
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song) ;
Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy !
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Cursed be thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself ;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name ;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast, at least, bestow'd one penny well.

“ Right,” cries his lordship, “ for a rogue in need
To have a taste, is insolence indeed :

In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.

O impudence of wealth ! with all thy store
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor ?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall ?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall :
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest ? Tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puffed prosperity,
Or bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought :
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-Sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised ;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On broccoli and mutton round the year ;
But ancient friends (though poor or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords !
To Hounslow Heath I point, and Bansted Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :
From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall ;
And grapes long lingering on my only wall ;

And figs from standards and espalier join ;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine :
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place)
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast :
Though double-tax'd, how little have I lost !
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ;
I'll hire another's : is not that my own,
And yours, my friends, through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late ;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest).

"Pray Heaven it last!" cries Swift, "as you go on :
I wish to God this house had been your own :
Pity to build without a son or wife ;
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life.
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?

What's property, dear Swift ? You see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter ;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share ;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;
Or, in pure equity (the case not clear),
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year :
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord ;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last !
Why will you break the sabbath of my days ?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age !
See modest Cibber now has left the stage :
Our generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, e'en in Brunswick's cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear),
" Friend Pope ! be prudent, let your muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death :
Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore on a lord mayor's horse."

Farewell, then, verse, and love, and every toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy ;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all :
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What every day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what doctors I apply ?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I :
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montague now, or now with Locke :
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state ;

Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true :
Sometimes with Aristippus or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all ;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long as to him who works for debt the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away ;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one ;
So slow the unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul ;
That keep me from myself ; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day :
That task which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise :
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure ;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love ?
Know, there are words and spells which can control,
Between the fits, the fever of the soul ;
Know there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassa! to a punk,

A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear ;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor ;
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly
Scared at the spectre of pale poverty ;
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole
Wilt thou do nothing for a noble end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend ?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires ?
Here wisdom calls : " Seek virtue first, be bold :
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
There, London's voice, " Get money, money
still !

And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul !
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds ;
" Pray, then, what wants he ?" Fourscore thousand
pounds ;

A pension or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit with all thy worth ;
But Bug and D^l, their honours, and so forth.

Yet every child another song will sing,
" Virtue, brave boys ! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,—
" He's arm'd without, that's innocent within ;

Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass ;
Compared to this, a minister's an ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court jargon, or the good old song ?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poictiers ?
Who counsels best ? who whispers, " Be but great,
With praise or infamy, leave that to fate ;
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace ;
If not by any means get wealth and place :"
For what ? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king :
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through :
And, while he bids thee, sells the example too ?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble
stare ;

In honest S^{*z} take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park :
'Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave :
" I cannot like, dread sire, your royal cave ;
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave :
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast :
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do ?
Alike in nothing but one lost of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold :
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main ;

The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews ;
 Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews ;
 Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn ;
 Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn ;
 While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
 In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
 Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone :
 But show me one who has it in his power
 To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
 "No place on earth," he cried, "like Greenwich Hill!"
 Up starts a palace, lo, the obedient base
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
 Now let some whimsy, or that devil within
 Which guides all those who know not what they
 mean,

But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen ;
 "Away, away ! take all your scaffolds down,
 For snug's the word : my dear, we'll live in town."

At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown ?
 That very night he longs to lie alone.
 The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
 Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the rich ?
 Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch ;
 They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
 Prefer a new japanner to their shoes ;
 Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
 They know not whither, in a chaise and one ;
 They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord.

You laugh, half-bean half sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band ;
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary !
 But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lined,
 Is half so incoherent as my mind,
 When (each opinion with the next at strife ;
 One ebb and flow of follies all my life),
 I plant, root up ; I build and then confound ;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round ;
 You never change one muscle of your face,
 You think this madness but a common case,
 Nor once to Chancery nor to Hale apply ;
 Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry !
 Careless how ill I with myself agree,
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
 Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
 This he who loves me, and who ought to mend ?
 Who ought to make me (what he can or none)
 That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own ;
 Great without title, without fortune bless'd ;
 Rich e'en when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd .
 Loved without youth, and follow'd without power ;
 At home, though exiled ; free, though in the Tower ;
 In short, that reasoning, high immortal thing,
 Just less than Jove, and much above a king ;
 Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god !

 BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

" NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
 To make men happy, and to keep them so,"

Z

(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of
speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech).

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend ! whose philosophic eyes
Look through and trust the Ruler with his skies ;
To him commit the honr, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold ?
Or popularity ? or stars and strings ?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings ?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze ?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing .
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire ;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away ;
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

Go then, and, if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate ;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes :
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice ;

From morn to night, at senate, 'Rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspired
To form, not to admire, but be admired,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame?—The meanest have their day
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh
(More silent far), where kings and poets lie:
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cured whene'er they please.
Would ye be bless'd? Despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one whom new opinions sway?
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and
stones?

Fly, then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.

Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll;
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:
For, mark the advantage, just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse).
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone, then, make and keep us bless'd,
Still, still be getting,—never, never rest.

But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy,
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,

Whom honour with your hand : to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks :
“ This may be troublesome, is near the chair ;
That makes three members, this can choose a mayor.
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least ;
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat ;
Up, up ! cries gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey ;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night ;
Call'd happy dog ! the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we every decency confound ;
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our roun
Go, dice with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew ;
From Latian syrens, French Circean feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts ;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name ?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, *Vive la bagatelle !*
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do wel'
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first :
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do ; I'll follow them with all my heart.

BOOK II. EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But, to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind ! sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main ;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend ;
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend ;
How shall the muse from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal ?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endured,
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or law establish'd, and the world reform'd ;
Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
The unwinning gratitude of base mankind !

All human virtue to its latest breath
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last :
Sare fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away !
Oppress'd, we feel the beam directly beat ;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise :
Great friend of liberty ! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame ;
Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard :
Wonder of kings ! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd,
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest ;
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chancer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote :
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen :
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk of the Green ;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires
Why should not we be wiser than our sires ?
In every public virtue we excel ;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well ;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine ?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago ?
End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin to immortalize ?

“ Who lasts a century can have no flaw ;
I hold that wit a classic, good in law.”

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce ?

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
By courtesy of England he may do.”

Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow :
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakspeare (whom you and every playhouse-bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come in every poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley ? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit ;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, surely, these were famous men !
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ?
In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,

Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
writ;

How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But, for the passions, Southern, sure, and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; the people's voice is odd,—
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.

But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the father turns a school divine.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook;
Or damn all Shakspeare, like the affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,
Sprat, Carew, Sedly, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars, the miscellanies o'er),
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many
page,

Has sanctified whole poems for an age.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured, not as bad, but new :
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow ;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth, with emphasis proclaims
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names),
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age !
You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not ; he envies, not admires,
And, to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspired to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now ?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead ?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restored ;
In every taste of foreign courts improved,
" All, by the king's example, lived and loved."
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell ;
The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form :

Lely on animated canvass stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder, then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court :
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we love we hate
Now all for pleasure, now for church or state ;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws ;
Effects unhappy ! from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock ;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers, was his care ;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir ;
To prove that luxury could never hold ;
And place on good security his gold.
Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich ;
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will bear the bays ;
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays ;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not ***'s self e'er tells more fibs than I ;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more ;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wlt.

He served a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop ;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop ;

E'en Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile;
But those that cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men;
Flights of cashiers or mobs he'll never mind,
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet,
And then, a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man, you may suppose,
Who says in verse, what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains;

He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet saved."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor;
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms:
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews
Unless the gods bestowed a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down pope and Turk.
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain:
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng
And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little bless'd,
Patient of labour, when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain;
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care;
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed every brow, and open'd every soul.
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.

But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind ;
Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took the alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound ;
Most warp'd to flattery's side ; but some, more nice,
Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice :
Hence satires rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's
charms ;

Her arts, victorious, triumph'd o'er our arms ;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine ;
Though still some traces of our rustic vein,
And splayfoot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Shew'd us that France had something to admire :
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway, shone ;
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine ;
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effaced a line :
E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art of blot.

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The humbler muse of comedy require ;

But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as the indulgence less.
Observe how seldom e'en the best succeed ;
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed ?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ !
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
The stage, how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed !
And ide Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause !
But fill their purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.

O you ! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyages, by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or born too high ;
Who pants for glory, finds but short repose ;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage ! if, just as thrives the play
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit ;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters, mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords !
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords !
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes ;)
The play stands still ; damn action and discourse
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse :
Pageants and pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn ;

The champion too ! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast,
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide ;
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people sure, the people are the sight !
Ah, luckless poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more :
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends !
Loud as the wolves, on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat ;
Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark ! the universal peal !
“ But has he spoken ? ” Not a syllable ;
What shook the stage, and made the people stare :
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair
Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume to instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes :
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the poetic state,
Alone, deserves the favour of the great ;
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye

Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?

My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd;
The season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;
But most, when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And, from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the crown;
Or, dubb'd historians by express command,
To enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah! think what poet best may make them known:
Or choose, at least, some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful to the bounding steed;
So well in paint, and stone, they judge of merit,
But kings, in wit, may want discerning spirit.

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
 "No lords anointed, but a Russian bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
 The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shined
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
 O! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing;
 What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!
 Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
 And nations wonder'd, while they dropp'd the sword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep;
 Till earth's extreme your mediation own,
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
 And I'm not used to panegyric strains:
 The zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That, when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
 A vile encomium doubly ridicules,
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woful likeness; and, if lies,
 "Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise;"
 Well may he blush, who gives it or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Phillips, Settle, writ of kings)
 Lie the spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
 Inge the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

BOOK II. EPISTLE II.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.—*Hor.*

DEAR colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend !
You love a verse, take such as I can send.

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows, and begins—"This lad, sir, is of Blois ;
Observe his shape, how clean ! his locks, how curl'd !
My only son ; I'd have him see the world :
His French is pure ; his voice too—you shall hear :
Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pounds a-year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please ;
A perfect genius at an opera song—
To say too much might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues ; on my word,
His whole ambition was to serve a lord ;
But, sir, to you, with what would I not part ?
Though, faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry ;
The fault he has, I fairly shall reveal
(Could you o'erlook but that),—it is, to steal."

If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad ?
'Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit ;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash, away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider, then, and judge me in this light,—
 I told you when I went, I could not write ;
 You said the same : and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent ?
 Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time !
 Do ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?

In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold ;
 Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,
 He slept, poor dog ! and lost it to a doit !
 This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
 " Prodigious well ! " his great commander cried,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next, pleased his excellence a town to batter,
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter) :
 " Go on, my friend," he cried, " see yonder
 walls !

Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls !
 More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave ?
 " Do you think me, noble general, such a sot ?
 Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read, in Greek, the wrath of Peleus' son :
 Besides, my father taught me, from a lad,
 The better art, to know the good from bad.
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove).
 But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
 Deprived us soon of our paternal cell ;

And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust :
Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it :
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.

Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away ;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend :
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme !
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stand still ?
But, after all, what would you have me do,
When, out of twenty, I can please not two ?
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
One likes the pleasant's wing, and one the leg ;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg :
Hard task ! to hit the palates of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartinent detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme : can London be the place ?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends !
My counsel sends to execute a deed ;
A poet begs me I will hear him read :

In Palace Yard, at nine, you'll find me there,
At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury Square:
Before the lords, at twelve, my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.

“O! but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”
Not quite so well, however, as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
E'en to their own s-r-v—nce in a car?

Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease, and silence every Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any great effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting, or Earl's Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards, whom none e'er match'd
before?

The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete;
See! strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new, beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare;
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors,
Shall I, in London, act this idle part,
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other oracles of law :
 With equal talents, these congenial souls,
 One lull'd the Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Roils .
 Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray as a wit.
 'Twas, " Sir, your law"—and, " Sir, your eloquence,"
 " Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's sense."

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber ! never match'd one ode of thine.
 Lord ! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
 No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
 Walk with respect behind, while we, at ease,
 Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please
 " My dear Tibullus !" if that will not do,
 Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :
 Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
 And you shall raise up Otway for your pains.
 Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
 To court applause by printing what I write :
 But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject,—
 They treat themselves with most profound respect ;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,—
 Each, praised within, is happy all day long :
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men who write such verse as we can read ?
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or car .

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay, though at court, perhaps, it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead;
 Mark where a bold, expressive phrase appears,
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,—
 Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English ages hence
 (For use will father what's begot by sense),
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line:
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease.
 You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
 "But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better, say I, be pleased, and play the fool;
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,—
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There lived in *primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a lord:
 Who, though the house was up, delighted sate;
 Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate:
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife.
 Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell;
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immured—
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purged; in short, they
 cured;

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
“ My friends ! ” he cried, “ p-x take you for your care !
That, from a patriot of distinguish’d note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fat
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull :
I’ll e’en leave verses to the boys at school :
To rules of poetry no more confined,
I’ll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind.
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp’d before ;
Thoughts which at Hyde Park Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot ;
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart :

If, when the more you drink, the more you crave
You tell the doctor ; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease ?
Her heart resolves this matter in a trice,
“ Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.”

When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil :
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty dean ! bè fair,—
Say, can you find out one such lodger there ?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

The wisest man might blush, I must agree
If D*** loved sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord :
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,—
His venison, too, a guinea makes your own .
He bought at thousands, what with be ter wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit :
Now, or long since, what difference will be found,—
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-aered men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat ;
But every pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand :
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power,
Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man ? and for ever ? wretch ! what wouldst thou have ?
Heir urges heir, like wave-impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same case,
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase).
Alas, my Bathurst ! what will they avail ?
Join Cotswood's hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns, with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke !

Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farm, and farmer fall.

Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and, thank Heaven! there are
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind;
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless, one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu** with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in court and Parliament;
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that Directing Power,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of nature, who, within us, still
Inclines our actions, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.

Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace,
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I who at some times spend, and others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more:
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day;
And pleased, if sordid want be far away.

What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure:
But I, that sail, am neither less nor bigger:
I neither strut with every favouring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

“ But why all this of avarice? I have none.”
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone!
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at the unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or, will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, out of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and loved, and ate, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whom follies please.

THE
 SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,
 DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,
Versified.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
 Quætere num illius, num rerum dura negarit
 Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
 Mollius?

Hor.

SATIRE I.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
 Yet here, as e'en in hell, there must be still
 One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
 That all beside one pities, not abhors;
 As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
 It brought (no doubt) the excise and army in:
 Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how
 But that the cure is starving, all allow.

Yet like the papist's is the poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate?

Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a cinner, makes an actor live;
 The thief condemn'd in law already dead,
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
 Thus, as the pipes of some carved organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance, and mount above.
 Heaved by the breath the inspiring bellows blow;
 The inspiring bellows lie, and pant below.

One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
 No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
 Those write because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
 Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
 Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
 'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before;
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
 Sense, pass'd through him, no longer is the same,
 For food, digested, takes another name.

SATIRE II.

SIR: though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
 In all ill things, so excellently best,
 That hate tow'rds them breeds pity tow'rds the rest.
 Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
 Though like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starved out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at bar judged as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives idiot actors means
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.
 As, in some organs, puppets dance above,
 And as bellows pant below, which then do move.

One would move love by rhymes ; but witchcraft's
charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms ;
Rams and slugs now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat ?
And they who write because all write, have still
That 'xcuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Other wits' fruits, and, in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his own things ; and they're his own, 'tis true ;
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
* * * * * to out-usure Jews.

I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
E'en those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
Of whose strange crimes, no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence ;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
dence :

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.

No young divine, new beneficed, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
 Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
 With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?
 Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widow's hearts;
 Call himself barrister to every wench,
 And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain;
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury Lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
 If Peter deigus to help you to your own:
 What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
 And what a solemn face, if he denies!
 Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only suretyship that brought them there.
 His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
 For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause;
 And lies to every lord in every thing,
 Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters, e'en to godly * *
 Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
 No more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
 In shillings, and in pence, at first they deal;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal.*

Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scotts to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.

To out-drink the sea, t' outswear the letanie,
Who, with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenants in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And, plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer: which (alas) of late;
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-beneficed ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,
His title of barrister on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *
* * * Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:
More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbeyes roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possess'd with muse,
Thou wast, and mad I hoped; but men which choose
Law practice for mere gain: bold soul repute
Worse than imbrother'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
That only suretiship had brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.

Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in king's titles, nor
 Simony and sodomy in churchmen's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a duke to Jansen puns at White's,
 Or city heir in mortgage melts away;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
 So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dexterously omits *ses heires*
 No commentator can more sliely pass
 Over a learn'd unintelligible place,
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
 Those words that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
 When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
 But, having cast his cowl and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.

The lands are bought, but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

here are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
 e good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But, oh! these works are not in fashion now;
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

Shortly (as th' sea) we'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he;
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuff,
And, barrelling the droppings and the snuff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding cheer)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times' forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.

These he writes not ; nor for these written pays.
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first days
 When Luther was profess'd, he did desire
 Short Pater-nosters, saying, as a fryer,
 Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)
 But when he sells or changes land, he impairs
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
 As slily as any commentztor goes by
 Hard words or sense ; or, in divinity,
 As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 doubt.

Where are these spread woods which clothed,
 heretofore,
 Those bought lands ? not built, nor burnt within door.
 Where the old landlord's troops and almes ? In halls,
 Carthusian fasts and fulsome bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Means bless'd. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs ;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but not of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of the hugh statutes' jaws.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, I may now receive and die. My sin
 Indeed is great ; but yet I have been in :
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace, at least beyond the grave.
 I've had my purgatory here betimes,
 I paid for all my satires, all my rhymes :

The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch to admire, or be admired;
I hoped for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court!—the devil would have it so.
But, as the fool, that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says),
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,—
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,—
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name;
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore;
Or Sloan or Woodward's wonderous shelves contain,—
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon;
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a jesuit take;
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, "By your priesthood, tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: the apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and, though bare, was
black:

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd ;
 So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd !
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for every state to do ;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear ; Mortenx I knew,
 Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
 The doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
 A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs.

A purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen ;
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to court ; but as Glare which did go
 To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred markes, which is the statutes' curse,
 Before he scaped ; so it pleased my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and good as forget-
 ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
 Which dwell in court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this : towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came ;
 Thing which would have posed Adam to name :

Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
 Than Africk monsters, Guianaes' rarities,
 Stranger than strangers : one who, for a Dane
 In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had lived then ; and without help dies,
 When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
 One, whom the watch at noon scarce lets go by :
 One, to whom the examining justice sure would cry,
 " Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are !"

His clothes were strange, though coarse, and black
 though bare,

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and had it been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become tuff-taffety ; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then naught at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks a
 tongues,

And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
 Made of the accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 The whole artillery of the terms of war,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar ;
 These I could bear ; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal favourites in flattery vie,
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out ; I whisper, " Gracious God !
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?
 That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me !"

" Permit," he cries, " no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.

What speech esteem you most?" The king's, said I.
 "But the best words?"—"O, sir, the dictionary."

"You miss my aim! I mean the most acute
 And perfect speaker?"—"Onslow, past dispute."

"But, sir, of writers?"—"Swift, for closer style,
 But Hoadly for a period of a mile."

"Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
 Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;"
 Nay troth the apostles (though perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were."

Thus, others' talents having nicely shown,
 He came by sure transition to his own;
 Till I cried out, "You prove yourself so able,
 Pity you was not Druggerman at Babel;
 For, had they found a linguist half so good,
 make no question but the tower had stood."

"Obliging sir! for courts you sure were made:
 Why then for ever buried in the shade?
 Spirits like you should see and should be seen,
 The king would smile on you—at least the queen.
 "Ah, gentle sir! your courtiers so cajole us—
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:
 And as for courts, forgive me if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
 Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
 Few are the converts Aretine has made;
 And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn virtue there."

At this entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Sneaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies:
 "Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
 To gaze on princes and to talk of kings!"

"Then happy man who shows the tombs!" said I,
"He dwells amidst the royal family ;

Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste ;
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this ; yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue called compliment :
In which he can win windows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surjus, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me ! He saith, " Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best linguist ?" and I seelily
Said, that I thought Calepine's dictionary.
" Nay, but of men, most sweet sir ?" Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I named. Here
He stopp'd me, and said, " Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists ; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman ; all these may pass
By travail. Then, as if he would sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, " If you had lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood."

He adds, " If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneless." I said, " Not alone
My loneless is ; but, Spartanes fashion,

To teach by painting drunkards doth not last.
 Now Aretine's pictures have made few chaste ;
 No more can princes' courts (though there be few
 Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue."

He, like to a high-stretch'd lute string squeaks, "O sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of kings." "At Westminster,"
 Said I, "the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
 And for his price doth with whoever comes,
 He every day from king to king can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk ;
 And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living,—ease and bread."

'Lord, sir, a mere mechanic ! strangely low,
 And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
 How elegant your Frenchmen !" "Mine, d'ye mean ?
 I have but one ; I hope the fellow's clean."

'O ! sir, politely so ! nay, let me die,
 Your only wearing is your paduasoy."
 "Not, sir, my only,—I have better still,
 And this you see is but my deshabelle."—
 Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore ;
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
 You only make the matter worse and worse.

He pass'd it o'er ; affects an easy smile
 At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
 He asks, "What news ?" I tell him of new plays,
 New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
 He hears, and, as a still with simples in it,
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little and by little drops his lies.

Mere household trash ! of birtnights, balls, and shows,
 More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.
 When the queen frown'd or smiled, he knows ; and what
 A subtle minister may make of that :
 Who sins with whom : who got his pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug :
 Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a bishop or a whore :
 Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a government :
 Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
 And cheats the unknowing widow and the poor :
 Who makes a trust of charity a job,
 And gets an act of Parliament to rob :
 Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
 Can gratis see the country or the town :
 Shortly, no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
 What lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :

Of all our Harrys' and our Edwards' talk,
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk :
 Your ears shall hear naught but kings ; your eyes meet
 Kings only : the way to it is King Street.
 He smack'd, and cried, "He's base, mechanique, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat ?" " Mine, as you see,—
 I have but one, sir,—look, he follows me."

" Certes, they are neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram."

" Not so ; sir, I have more." Under this pitch
He would not fly : I chaff'd him : but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse : so I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks what news ; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a still, which stayes
A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheds, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash, he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or smiled ! and he knows
what

A subtle statesman may gather of that :
He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison
Hastes to an officer's reversion ;
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes ;
Who loveth whores * * * * *
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge—
Shells to transport ; * * * * *
* * * * * shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier ; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more, and, as he had undertook,
To say Gallo Belgicus without book,
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart.

Like a big wife, at sight of loathsome meat,
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, I sweat.
Then as a licensed spy, who nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels every man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price of every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
Nay, hints 'tis by connivance of the court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seized on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall headlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject staid and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt the infection slide from him to me;
As, in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies and bows, and bows again;
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quaked at heart: and, still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a gaol.

Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense!
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued the amazing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.

A vision hermits can to hell transport,
 And forced e'en me to see the damn'd at court.
 Not Dante, dreaming all the infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free ;
 Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me :
 Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown ?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can :
 Tremble before a noble serving-man ?
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee
 For huffing braggart, puffed nobility ?
 Thon, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun ! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ?
 Now pox on those that show a court in wax !
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs :

Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to the loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail : so I sigh and sweat
 To hear this makaron talk : in vain for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He, like a privileged spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, rebels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of every office paid ;
 He saith our wars thrive ill, because delaid :
 That offices are entailed, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day ; and that great officers
 With the Spaniards share and Dunkirkers.

I, more amazed than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope its jaw
 To suck me in for hearing him : I found
 That, as burnt venemous leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and be free : therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers' sin,
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear ; but the hower
 Of mercy now was come : he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing ;
 And says, " Sir, can you spare me—" I said, " Wil-
 lingly ;

Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown ?" Thankfully I
 Gave it as ransom : but as fiddlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face !
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.

See ! where the British youth, engaged no more,
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room ;
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

" That's velvet for a king !" the flatterer swears ;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King
 Lear's.

Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.

And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes ?
 For these are actors too, as well as those :
 Wants reach all states : they beg but better dress'd,
 And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
 Sail in the ladies : how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize !
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him :
 " Dear countess ! you have charms all hearts to hit !"
 And " Sweet Sir Fopling ! you have so much wit !"
 Such wits and beauties are not praised for naught,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought.

Thrust one more jig upon you : so did he
 With his long complimented thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown ; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
 Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.

At home in wholesale solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness.
 Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 Itself o'er me ; such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Lo, fear
 Becomes the guilty, not the accuser : then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or raised men
 Fear frowns, and my mistress Truth betray thee
 For the huffing, bragart, puffed nobility ?

No, no, thou which since yesterday has been
Almost about the whole world, has thou seen,
O sun in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Taste have in them, ours are: and natural
Some of the stocks are; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten o'clock and past; all whom the mues,
Baloun or tennis, diet or the stews,
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the presence; and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cried the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well
At stage as courts: all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobes' inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cutchanel)
The men board them: and praise (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause, these men, men's wits for speeches buy
And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set:
Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,

As if the presence were a mosque ; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate ;
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
'Twould burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin :
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best-proportion'd fools !
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom or a straw :
But, oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are bless'd :
Prodigious ! how the things protest ! protest !
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu ! Jesu !
Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries, Arm ! whose very look's an oath ;

The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
 Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like battering-rams beats open every door:
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 As yet a strange ambition to look worse:
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude by awe,
 Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from gaols to execution go;
 For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lined with giants deadlier than them all:
 Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss,
 For quoits, both Temple Bar and Charing Cross.
 Scared at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine;
 Charge them with heaven's artillery, bold divine!
 From such alone the great rebukes endure,
 Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure;
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains; but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
 Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
 In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
 Perfect as circles, with such nicety
 As a young preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
 And with her protests, protests, protests,

So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition :
And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague 'em both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Cail a rough carelessness good fashion :
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him ; he rushes in, as if Arm .arm,
He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.

Tired, now, I leave this place, and but pleased so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With these seven deadly sins ?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing Cross, for a bar,—men that do know
No token of worth, but queen's man, and fine
Living : barrels of beef, flagons of wine.
I shook like a spied spy—Preachers which are
Seas of wit and art, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away : although I yet
(With Maccabees' modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs canonical

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

—
WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.
—

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes the court sees nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas ! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal ?
'Tis all from Horace ; Horace long before ye
Said, " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory ;"
And taught his Romans in much better metre,
" To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice ;
Bubo observes, be lash'd no sort of vice :
Horace would say, Sir Billy served the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town ;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropp'd our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile :
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore ;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—

And where's the glory ? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert !—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come ?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power ;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me ? Let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt ;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes : with Scripture still you may be free ;
horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty ;
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig ;
Who never changed his principle or wig ;
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage :
These nothing hurts ; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

If any ask you, “ Who's the man so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear ? ”
Why answer, Lyttleton ; and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage :
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesman in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes ;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are
sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest ;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

F. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth :
Adieu, distinction, satire, warmth, and truth !
Come, harmless characters, that no one hit ;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit !
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young !
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,
That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As though the pride of Middleton and Blanc
All boys may read, and girls may understand !
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense ;
Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children bless'd
So—satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name, every fool and knave
Be graced through life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so ? If satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace :
For merit will by turns forsake them all ;
Would you know when?—Exactly when they fall.

But let all satire in all changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave D——re.
 Silent and soft, as saints removed to heaven,
 All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,
 These may some gentle ministerial wing
 Receive, and place for ever near a king !
 There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court ;
 There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their place ;
 But past the sense of human miseries,
 All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes ;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their
 glory,
 Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
 And when three sovereigns died could scarce be
 vex'd,
 Considering what a gracious prince was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings ;
 And at a peer or peereess, shall I fret,
 Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt !
 Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast ;
 But shall the dignity of vice be lost ?
 Ye Gods ! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
 Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke ?
 A favourite's porter with his master vie,
 Be bribed as often, and as often lie ?
 Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill ?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will ?
 Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
 To pay their debts, or keep their faith like kings ?

If Blunt despatch'd himself, he play'd the man ;
And so mayst thou, illustrious Passeran
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife ?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear :
Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care :
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well ;
A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,
Outdo Llandaff in doctrine,—yea in life :
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame :
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue and to me ;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same beloved contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth :
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore ;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more :
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless,
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws ;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo ! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust ! his arms hang idly round,
His flag, inverted, trails along the ground !
Our youth, all liveri'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance : behind her crawl the old !

See thronging millions to the pagod run,
 And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
 Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
 That not to be corrupted is the shame.
 In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
 'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
 See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
 See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 And crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law:
 While truth, worth, wisdom daily they decry—
 "Nothing is sacred now but villany."

Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. "'Tis all a libel;' Paxton, sir, will say,—

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow, 'faith it may;
 And for that very cause I print to-day.
 How shou'd I fret to mangle every line,
 In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine!
 Vice with such giant-strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain;
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
 E'en Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
 Spare, then, the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice!

Come on then, satire ! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all !
Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall !
Ye reverend atheists. F. Scandal ! name them, who ?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never named : the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you !
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The bribed elector—F. There you stoop too
low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what :
Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not ?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, he never more run down ?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires ?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop may I name a dean ?

F. A dean, sir ? no ; his fortune is not made ;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who sets up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may,
Down, down, proud satire ! though a realm be spoi'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild :
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But sir, I beg you, (for the love of vice !)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice ;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great ?

Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
 Then better sure it charity becomes
 To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
 Still better, ministers; or, if the thing
 May pinch e'en there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago
 Who now that obsolete example fears?
 E'en Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad:
 You make men desperate, if they once are bad,
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
 When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?
 Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove
 (Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love),
 The scene, the master, opening to view,
 I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

E'en in a bishop I can spy desert;
 Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
 Manners with candour are to Benson given;
 To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.

But does the court a worthy man remove?
 That instant, I declare, he has my love:
 I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
 Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Cst in the clear still mirror of retreat,
I stud'ed Shrewsbury, the wise and great;
Marleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame
Compared, and knew their generous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shined the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own?
Names which I long have loved, nor loved in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, and number'd with their
train;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, no follower, but a friend.

Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays:
I follow virtue: where she shines, I praise;
Points she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Dined with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
Some in their choice of friends (nay look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so scarce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son;
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.

Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground :
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the greatest of these days,
 To escape my censure, not expect my praise.
 Are they not rich ? what more can they pretend ?
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend !
 What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in
 vain.

No power the muse's friendship can command ;
 No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand :
 To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line :
 O, let my country's friends illumine mine !
 —What are you thinking ? F. 'Faith, the thought's no
 sin,—

I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They, too, may be corrupted, you'll allow.

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
 Is that too little ? Come, then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of Arnall ! aid me while I lie :
 Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
 And Lyttleton a dark designing knave ;
 St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
 But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
 Has never made a friend in private life,
 And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame ?
 Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name !
 Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
 O, all-accomplish'd St. John ! deck thy shrine ?

What ! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
 When Paxton gives him double pats and pay,

Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
 To break my windows if I treat a friend,
 Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
 But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt !
 Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
 Of honour bind me not to maul his tools ;
 Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
 His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
 To see a footman kick'd that took his pay ;
 But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
 Knew one a man of honour, one a knave ;
 The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
 And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest :
 Which not at present having time to do—
 F. Hold, sir ! for God's sake, where's the affront to you
 Against your worship when had S—k writ ?
 Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit ?
 Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
 [In power a servant, out of power a friend]
 To W—le guilty of some venial sin :
 What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in ?

The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,
 How hurt he you ? he only stain'd the gown.
 And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend ?

P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it
 came ;
 Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
 Since the whole house did afterwards the same.
 Yet courtly wits to wits afford supply,
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly :
 If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
 Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,

From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
 As pure a mess almost as it came in ;
 The blessed benefit, not there confined,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind ;
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse ;
 The last full fairly gives it to the house.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach——

P. So does flattery mine :
 And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite :
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write ;
 And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forged was not my own ?
 Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man ! he has been fairly in ?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring reason on his brows ?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
 Because the insult's not on man, but God ?

Ask you what provocation I have had ?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth and virtue an affront endures,
 The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
 Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense :
 Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind ;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave ;
 imudent, I own myself no knave ;

So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud : I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me :
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne
Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon ! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence !
To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide.
Reverent, I touch thee ! but with honest zeal ;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall
Ye tinsel insects ! whom a court maintains.
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day !
The muse's wing shall brush you all away :
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings ;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide a nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's
shrine,

Her priestess muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave ;
Far other stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair :

(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings ;
Let flattery, sickening, see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies :
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law ;
Here, last of Britons ! let your names be read :
Are none, none living ? let me praise the dead,
And, for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.

F. Alas, alas ! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you June the third:
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it— as you do at court.
You humour when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!

“The dog-days are no more the case.”

'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.

My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.

“Pray take them, sir—enough's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest”—

What, rob your boys ! those pretty rogues !
 " No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
 Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
 Contriving never to oblige ye.
 Scatter your favours on a fop,
 Ingratitude's the certain crop;
 And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
 You give the things you never care for.
 A wise man always is or should
 Be mighty ready to do good ;
 But makes a difference in his thought
 Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
 A safe companion and a free ;
 But if you'd have me always near—
 A word, pray, in your honour's ear :
 I hope it is your resolution
 To give me back my constitution !
 The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
 The engaging smile, the gaiety,
 That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
 And kept you up so oft till one !
 And all that voluntary vein,
 As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weasel once made shift to slink
 In at corn-loft through a chink ;
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in ;
 Which one belonging to the house
 ('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
 Observing, cried, " You 'scape not so,
 Lcan as you came, sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your application,
 I'm no such beast nor his relation ;

Not one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans ;
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine :
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
"Give me," I cried (enough for me),
"My bread, and independency !"
So bought an annual rent or two,
And lived——just as you see I do ;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life,
Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

THE LATTER PART OF SATIRE VI. B. II.*

O CHARMING noons ! and nights divine !
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,

* See the first part, in Swift's Poems.

The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup served with all decorum :
 Each willing to be pleased, and please,
 And e'en the very dogs at ease !
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or wh^o's in either of the houses :
 But s^{om}ething much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn :
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit or a miser ?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends
 For their own worth or our own ends ?
 What good or better, we may call,
 And what the very best of all ?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely "à-propos :"
 Name a town life, and in a trice
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the fable)
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Received a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord.
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, "coûte qui coûte."
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean) ;
 Pudding that might have pleased a dean ;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring.

Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, " I vow you're mighty neat.
But, lord, my friend, this savage scene !
For God's sake come, and live with men :
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I :
Then spend your life in joy and sport ;
(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court)."

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn :
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late).

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it :
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls ;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors :
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red :
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, " tête à tête."

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
Tells all their names, lays down the law :
" Que ça est bon ! Ah goûtez ça !
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."

Was ever such a happy swain ?
 He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
 " I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
 To eat so much—but all's so good.
 I have a thousand thanks to give—
 My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :
 " A rat, a rat ! clap to the door"—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice !
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damn'd stucco has no chink).
 " An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
 " This same desert is not so pleasant :
 Give me again my hollow tree,
 A crust of bread, and liberty !"

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

AGAIN ? New tumults in my breast ?
 Ah, spare me, Venus ! let me, let me rest !
 I am not now, alas ! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
 Ah ! sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms !
 Mother too fierce of dear desires !
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires :

To number five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He with a hundred arts refined,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face;
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves and young Desires
There, every grace and muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still believing, still renew'd desire:
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why! ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through the extended dream;

Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel) from my arms !
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the canal ;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH
BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly,
Above the reach of vulgar song ;

Though daring Milton sits sublime
In Spenser native muses play ;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named ;
These raised new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !
They had no poet, and they died ;
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled !
They had no poet, and are dead.

MISCELLANIES.

—
ON RECEIVING FROM
THE RIGHT HON. LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A Standish and Two Pens

YES, I beheld the Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms ;
And "Take," she said, and smiled serene,
"Take at this hand celestial arms :

"Secure the radiant weapons wield ;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And, if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
Received the weapons of the sky ;
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

"What well ? what weapon ?" Flavia cries,
"A standish, steel and golden pen !
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies ;
I gave it you to write again.

"But, friend, take heed whom you attack ;
You'll bring a house, I mean of peers,
Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
L***** d all, about your ears.

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run on ivory so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

" Athenian queen! and sober charms!
 I tell you, fool, there's nothing in't.
 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
 In Dryden's Virgil see the print.
 " Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
 That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
 I'll list you in the harmless roll
 Of those that sing of these poor eyes."



EPISTLE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD,
 AND EARL MORTIMER.

*Sent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's
 Poems, published by our Author, after the said
 Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower and Retreat
 into the Country, in the Year 1721.*

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,
 Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
 Oh, just beheld, and lost: admired, and mourn'd!
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
 Bless'd in each science, bless'd in every strain!
 Dear to the muse! to Harley dear—in vain!
 For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
 For Swift and him, despised the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great;
 Dexterous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
 And pleased to escape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear),
 Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,

Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine :
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ;
The muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
'Tis hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain ;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
E'en now she shades thy evening walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise) ;
E'en now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.



EPISTLE TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

Secretary of State in the Year 1720.

A SOUL as full of worth as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide :
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows :

A face untaught to feign ; a judging eye
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery :
All this thou wert ; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise ;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Ashamed of any friend, not e'en of me :
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue ;
If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.



EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS ;

*With Mr. Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's Art
of Painting.*

[This Epistle, and the two following, were written
some years before the rest, and originally printed
in 1717.]

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes and dawns at every line ;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvass call the mimic face :
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire :
And reading wish, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ;
Like them to shine through long-succeeding age,
Just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceived away !
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art !
How oft review ; each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame and something to commend !

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fired with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn :
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade :
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.

Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye ;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh :
Each heavenly piece, unwearied, we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's air,
Caracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small well-polish'd gem, the work of years !
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast !
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow ;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse ! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead !
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire :
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife :
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore ;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage ;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes ;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh, lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line ;
New graces yearly, like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring, gay ;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains ;
And finish'd more through happiness than pains !
The kindred hearts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face ;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul :
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die :
Alas ! how little from the grave we claim !
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT ;

With the Works of Voiture.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in every line :
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who, without flattery, pleased the fair and great ;
Still with esteem no less conversed than read ;
With wit well-natured, and with books well bred :
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share :
His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away ;
Till fate, scarce felt, his gentle breath suppress'd,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
E'en rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before ;
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes :
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy ;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place :
Critics in wit or life are hard to please ;
Few write to those and none can live to these.

Too much your sex are by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind ;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide ;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride ;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame ;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place :
Well might you wish for change by those accursed,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains :
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife ;
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles, please :
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing !
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too ;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late, disarms :
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past ;
Love raised on beauty will, like that, decay.
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day ;

As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn ;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's * early care still shone the same,
 And Monthausier was only changed in name ;
 By this, e'en now they live, e'en now they charm,
 Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm

Now crown'd with myrtle on the Elysian coast
 Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost :
 Pleased, while with smiles his happy lines you view
 And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
 The brightest eyes in France inspired his muse ;
 The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse ;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside.



EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

*On her leaving the Town after the Coronation,
 1715.*

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;
 Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,—
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd but that she went.

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks :
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and prayers three hours a-day ;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea ;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire ;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.

Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack :
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—“ No words !”
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green ;
Before you pass the imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes ;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !

So, when your slave, at some dear idle time,
Not plagued with headaches, or the want of rhyme,
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;

Just when his fancy paints your sprightly eyes,
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,—
 Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE basset-table spread, the tallier come;
 Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
 Rise, pensive nymph; the tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
 I joyless make my once-adored alphiew.
 I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
 And whisper with that soft deluding air,
 And those feign'd sighs, which cheat the list'ning fair

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
 As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;
 One, one bad deal, three septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
 With ease the smiles of fortune I resign:
 Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
 Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost is but a common care ;
 And prudent nymphs against that change prepare :
 The knave of clubs thrice lost ; oh ! who could guess
 This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress ?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet ! very a-propos,—
 She all the cares of love and play does know :
 Dear Betty shall the important point decide ;
 Betty, who oft the pain of each has tried :
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
 By cards, ill-usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs ; attentive will I stay,
 Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
 With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought.
 See on the tooth-pick Mars and Cupid strive ;
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.
 Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face :
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
 Jove, Jove himself does on the scissors shine ;
 The metal and the workmanship divine !

SMILINDA.

This snuff box,—one the pledge of Sharper's love,
 When rival beauties for the present strove ;
 At Corticelli's he the raffle won ;
 Then first his passion was in public shown :
 Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
 This snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine !
 This snuff-box will I stake, the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And, oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the queen he gave ;
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
The knave won sonica, which I had chose ;
And, the next pull, my septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But, ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart ;
This cursed Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear ;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing when first she came to town :
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown :
She was my friend : I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red :
I introduced her to the park and plays ;
And, by my interest, Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart !

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was ! how often have I swore,
When Winnall tallied, I would punt no more !
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceived !
How many cursed the moment they believed !

Yet his known 'alsehoods could no warning prove :
Ah ! what is warning to a maid in love ?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd ?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank ;
Exposed in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train ;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain :
In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain :
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast ;
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can harken coldly to my Sharper's vows ?
Then, when he trembles ! when his blushes rise !
When awful love seems melting in his eyes !
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves :
He loves,—I whisper to myself, " He loves !"
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all memory of my former fears ;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast ;
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
Basset's heavenly joys, and pleasing cares ?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau ;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
There several graces in my Sharper meet
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long ;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide :
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side ;
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree ;
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way ;
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her, each with clamour pleads the laws ;
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
“ There, take,” says Justice, “ take you each a shell
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
’Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.”

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION
OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is prudery ?

'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows ;
'Tis (no, 'tishn't) like Miss Meadows ;
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all goodnature ;
Lean and fretful ; would seem wise ;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.



OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough : at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little before his Death.

As when the hero, who in each campaign
Had braved the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiven by every foe:
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius, old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier, but who clubb'd his mite
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When, press'd by want and weakness, Dennis lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunder all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the pope!
If there's a Briton, then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a senior who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA.

*By Pope and Mallet.**

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair, o'er the western world renew'd its light,
With arts arising, Sophonisba rose:
The tragic muse, returning, wept her woes.
With her the Italian scene first learn'd to glow;
And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
Her charms the Gallic muses next inspired:
Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fired.

What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
Britain, by juster title, makes her own.

When freedom is the cause, 'tis her's to fight;
And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write.

For this a British author bids again

The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.

Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame:

She asks, what bosom has not felt the same?

Ask of the British youth—Is silence there?

She dares to ask it of the British fair.

To-night our home-spun author would be true,
At once to nature, history, and you.

Well-pleased to give our neighbours due applause,

He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.

Not to his patient touch or happy flame,

'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.

If France excel him in one free-born thought,

The man, as well as poet, is in fault.

* I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to *Sophonisba*, the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it; and that the concluding lines were written by Mallet.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Nature ! informer of the poet's art,
Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
Thou art his guide ; each passion, every line,
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
Be thou his judge : in every candid breast,
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

MACER :—A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford ;
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventured on the town,
And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
There he stopp'd short, nor since hath writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little :
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country-wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid ;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day ;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity :
In a translated suit, then tries the town
With borrow'd pins and patches not her own :
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder.

How much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceived by shows and forms !
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
E'er since our grandame's evil ;
She first conversed with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name ;
The blockhead is a slow-worm ;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day ;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows ;
Thus worms suit all conditions ;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm is seen
By all their winding play ;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore ! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies.

O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free ;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat e'en thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more !
E'en Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.



SONG BY A PERSON OF QUALITY;

Written in the Year 1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions ;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth ;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair discretion, string the lyre ;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers :
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus, when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate
See the bird of Juno stooping
Melody resigns to fate.



ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon ;
(Envy, be silent and attend !)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly ;
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

“ Has she no faults, then,” Envy says, “ sir ?”

Yes, she has one, I must aver :

When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-Day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepared to die,
 With not one sin, but poetry,
 This day Tom's fair account has run
 (Without a blot) to eighty-one.
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
 A table, with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast, his towering genius marks
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
 The mushrooms show his wit was sudden
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout
 And grace, although a bard, devout.
 May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be every birth-day more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach.



ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

*Composed of Marble, Spars, Gems, Ores, and
 Minerals.*

THOU who shalt drop, where Thames' translucent wave
 Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
 Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,

Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow :
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold !
And eye the mine, without a wish for gold.
Approach ; but awful ! lo ! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought ;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

OH, be thou bless'd with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend !
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire ;
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more ;
Is that a birth-day ? 'Tis, alas ! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspire every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy.
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb
And wake to raptures in a life to come

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.*

In beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared ;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.
Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied :
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.
'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was curs'd)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.
Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong ;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

* This panegyric on Lady Mary Wortley Montague might have been suppressed by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirized him in her verses to the imitator of Horace, which abuse he returned in the first satire of the second book of Horace:—

From furious Sappho, scarce a milder fate,
P—'d by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

But if the first Eve
 Hard doom did receive
 When only one apple had she,
 What a punishment new
 Shall be found out for you,
 Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree :



THE FOURTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK
 OF HORACE'S EPISTLES.*

A Modern Imitation.

SAY, † St. John, who alone peruse,
 With candid eye, the mimic muse,
 What schemes of politics or laws
 In Gallic lands the patriot draws !
 Is then a greater work in hand,
 Than all the tomes of Haines's band ?
 " Or shoots he folly as it flies ?
 Or catches manners as they rise ?" ‡
 Or, urged by unquench'd native heat,
 § Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat ?
 Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
 E'en Chartres' self is scarce a na.

* This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,
 The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes,
 being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed. S.

† Ad Albium Tibullum.

Albi, nostrorum sermonum, candide judex,
 Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana
 Scribere, quod Cassi ‡ Parmensis opuscula vincat †

• ‡ The lines here quoted occur in the Essay on Man.

§ An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres !

* To you (the all-envied gift of heaven)
 The indulgent gods unask'd have given
 A form complete in every part,
 And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
 † What could a tender mother's care
 Wish better to her favourite heir
 Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
 A stock of health, and golden showers,
 And graceful fluency of speech,
 Precepts before unknown to teach?
 ‡ Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
 And gleaning hope, and black despair,
 Yet let thy friend this truth impart,—
 A truth I tell with bleeding heart
 (In justice for your labours past),
 § That every day shall be your last,—
 That every hour you life renew
 Is to your injured country due.
 In spite of tears—of mercy spite,
 My genius still must rail and write.
 Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
 And mingle with the grumbling great;
 There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
 The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
 There (objects of our mutual hate)
 We'll ridicule both church and state.

* Dî tibi formam,
 Dî tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.
 † Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
 Qui sapere, et fari possit quæ sentiat, et cui
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
 non deficiente crumena?
 ‡ Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras.
 § Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
 Me pinguem et nitidum bene curatâ cute vises,
 Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

EPIGRAM OF MRS. TOFTS,

*A handsome Woman with a fine voice, but very
covetous and proud.**

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along ;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have
died.

EPIGRAM,

On one who made long Epitaphs.†

FRIEND, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said ;
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

EPIGRAM,

Occasioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you sent are the muses and graces :
You've the nine in your wit, and the three in your faces.

* This epigram, first printed anonymously in Steele's Collection, and copied in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope, is ascribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music. Mrs. Tofts, who was the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, is celebrated as a singer little inferior, either for her voice or manner, to the best Italian women. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom, and sung in company with Nicolini ; but, being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian ; yet the charms of their voices overcame the absurdity.

† It is not generally known that the person here meant was Dr. Robert Freind, head-master of Westminster School.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON,

In the year 1715.

DEAR, damn'd distracting town, farewell!

Thy fools no more I'll tease;

This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,—

Ye harlots, sleep at ease.

Soft B*** and rough C*****, adieu!

Earl Warwick, make your moan;

The lively H*****k and you

May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd,

Till the third watchman toll;

Let Jervis gratis paint, and Frowde

Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery

On every learned sot,

And Garth, the best good Christian he,

Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;

Farewell, unhappy Tonson!

Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rcwe,

Lean Philips and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage,

My vixen mistress squalls;

The wits in envious feuds engage,

And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead

In Halifax's urn;

And not one muse of all he fed

Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
 Betray, and are betray'd;
 Poor Y***r's sold for fifty pound,
 And B*****ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
 When I no favour seek?
 Or follow girls seven hours in eight?
 I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
 Deep whimsies to contrive;
 The gayest valetudinaire,
 Most thinking rake alive.

Sollicitous for others' ends,
 Though fond of dear repose;
 Careless or drowsy with my friends,
 And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
 For sober studious days!
 And Burlington's delicious meal
 For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
 Whose soul, sincere and free,
 Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
 And so may starve with me!

EPIGRAM,

*Engraved on the collar of a Dog, which I gave to
 his Royal Highness.*

I AM his highness' dog at Kew;
 Pray tell me, sir whose dog are you?

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

*(On his painting for me the statues of Apollo,
Venus, and Hercules.*

WHAT god, what genius, did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendent shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
But soft recesses for the uneasy mind
To sigh unheard in to the passing wind?
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

ON AN OLD GATE,

Erected in Chiswick Gardens.

O, GATE, how camest thou here?

GATE. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone,—
Burlington brought me hither.

A DIALOGUE.

POPE.

SINCE my old friend is grown so great,
 As to be minister of state,
 I'm told (but 'tis not true, I hope),
 That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS.

Alas ! if I am such a creature,
 To grow the worse for growing greater,
 Why, 'faith, in spite of all my brags,
 'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.



VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

In his lying in the same bed which Wilmot, the celebrated Earl of Rochester, slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fired,
 I press'd the bed where Wilmot lay ;
 That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
 Begets no numbers grave or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
 Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie,
 Stretch'd out in honour's noble bed,
 Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
 Yet stoop to bless a child or wife ;
 And such as wicked kings may mourn,
 When freedom is more dear than life.

VERSES TO MR. C.

St. James's Place, London, October 22.

FEW words are best: I wish you well;
 Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here:
 Some morning-walks along the Mall,
 And evening friends, will end the year.
 If, in this interval, between
 The falling leaf and coming frost,
 You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
 Your friend, your poet, and your host,—
 For three whole days you here may rest
 From office, business, news, and strife;
 And (what most folks would think a jest)
 Want nothing else, except your wife.

 EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani munere!—*Ving*

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam, in Sussex.

DORSET, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
 Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.
 The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
 Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;—
 Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,—
 His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
 Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
 As show'd vice had his hate and pity too!

Bless'd courtier ! who could king and country please,
 Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease !
 Bless'd peer ! his great forefathers' every grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his race ;
 Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
 And patrons still, or poets, deck the line !

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King William the Third ; who, having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamsted, in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING form, a firm, yet cautious mind ;
 Sincere, though prudent,—constant, yet resign'd :
 Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,
 Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest.
 An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ;
 Just to his prince, and to his country true.
 Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;
 A generous faith, from superstition free ;
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny.
 Such this man was ; who, now from earth remov'd,
 At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son to the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near ;
 Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear :
 Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
 r gave his father grief but when he died.

How vain is reason—eloquence how weak,
 If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak!
 O, let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
 And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Westminster Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
 REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
 ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
 PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ.
 VIXIT, TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
 ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
 OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear:
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 Ennobled by himself—by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he loved.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

In Westminster Abbey.

THY relics, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
 And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust.
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Bless'd in thy genius—in thy love too bless'd!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

ON MRS. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense :
 No conquests she but o'er herself desir'd,—
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinced that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind ;
 So firm, yet soft—so strong, yet so refin'd :
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried,—
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died !

ON THE MONUMENT OF
 THE HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY,
 AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,

*Erected by their Father, the Lord Digby, in the
 Church of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, 1727.*

Go, fair example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth !
 Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,—
 Good without noise, without pretension great.
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,—
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear.
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
 Go, live ! for Heaven's eternal year is thine ;
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine !

And thou, bless'd maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb ;

Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more :
 Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known,—
 Go where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites—a stone, a verse, receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give !

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought,
 Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
 Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works ; and, dying, fears herself may die.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

At Easthamsted, in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, " Here lies an honest man :"
 A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace,
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
 From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
 Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he died !

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster Abbey, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind!
 Thy country's friend, but more of human kind!
 O, born to arms! O, worth in youth approved!
 O, soft humanity in age beloved!

For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere!

Withers, adieu!—yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit or thy social love:
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone),
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone!

ON MR. GAY.

In Westminster Abbey, 1730.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit a man—simplicity, a child:
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
 Above temptation in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, e'en among the great;—
 A safe companion and an easy friend,
 Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
 These are thy honours!—not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—"Here lies Gay!"

ANOTHER.

WELL, then, poor Gay lies under ground,
 So there's an end of honest Jack!
 So little justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In Westminster Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
 Quem Immortalem
 Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
 Mortalem
 Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
 God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

Who died in exile in Paris, 1732.

His only Daughter having expired in his arms immediately
 after she arrived in France to see him.

DIALOGUE.

SHE. Yes, we have lived—one pang, and then we part!
 May Heaven, dear father, now have all thy heart!
 Yet, ah! how once we loved remember still,
 Till you are dust like me!

HE. Dear shade! I will,
 Then mix this dust with thine, O, spotless ghost!
 O, more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
 Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
 Yes—"Save my country, Heaven!"—he said, and died.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the 19th year of his age, 1735.

IF modest youth with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state,—
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here.
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country loved.
Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham;
In whom a race for courage famed and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And, chiefs or sages, long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HEROES and kings, your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,

Lies one who ne'er cared and still cares not a pin,
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be.

LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH.*

HERE lies Lord Coningsby—be civil:
 The rest God knows—so does the devil!

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. Pope.

RESPECT to Dryden Sheffield justly paid,
 And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade;
 But whence this Barber, that a name so mean
 Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen?
 This pyramid would better far proclaim
 To future ages humbler Settle's name:
 Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,—
 The city printer and the city bard.

* This epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkesworth's edition, vol. vi.

THE DUNCIAD.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

ARGUMENT.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular: the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord's Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glory past and to come. She fixes her eyes on Bays to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then, announcing the death of Eusden, the poet laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty mother and her son, who brings
 The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
 I sing! Say you, her instruments, the great,
 Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
 You, by whose care, in vain decried and curs'd,
 Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first,—
 Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
 And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,—
 Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries;
 For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O, thou, whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver;
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair;
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
 From thy Bæotia, though her power retires,
 Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
 Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread,
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
 Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
 Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand,
 One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The crave of poverty and poetry:

Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
 Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness.
 Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,
 Escape in monsters, and amaze the town :
 Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curll's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post :
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,—
 Hence journals, medleys, Mercuries, magazines ;
 Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
 And new-year odes, and all the Grub-Street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,
 Four guardian virtues round support her throne :
 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
 Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears ;
 Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
 Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake ;
 Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching gaol ;
 Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
 Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
 And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
 Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep ;
 Till genial Jacob, on a warm third day,
 Calls for each mass a poem or a play :
 How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie ;
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry ;
 Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet ;
 Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
 And ductile Dulness new meanders takes ;
 There motley images her fancy strike
 Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike.

He sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Led with the madness of the mazy dance ;

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XX:XX

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XX:XX

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HH

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace,
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land:
Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice, here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools' colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day when * *, rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces):
Now, night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more:
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat in dreams the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days;
She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire impress'd and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.

She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
 And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line ;
 She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
 And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

In each she marks her image full express'd,
 But chief in Bays's monster-bleeding breast ;
 Bays, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
 And act and be a coxcomb with success.
 Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
 Remembering she herself was pertness once.
 Now (shame to fortune !) an ill run at play
 Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day :
 Swearing and supperless, the hero sat,
 Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate ;
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound ;
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.
 Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,—
 Much future ode, and abdicated play ;
 Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
 Then slipp'd through crags and zig-zags of the head ;
 All that on folly frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
 Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole ;
 How here he sipp'd—how here he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.
 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
 The frippery of crucified Moliere ;
 There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room ;

AmA

HoH

HoH

VHV

AmA

HoH

HoH

HoH

VHV

AmA

HoH

HoH

Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold ;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great,
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete
Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :
A Gothic library, of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome
But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none :
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ;
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear :
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes—twelve of amplest size
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes : these an altar raise ;
A hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
That altar crowns : a folio common-place
Foands the whole pile of all his works the base :
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre,—
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.

Then he : great tamer of all human art !
First in my care, and ever at my heart !
Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend,—
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the butt and bays :
O, thou, of business the directing soul !
To this our head like bias to the bow!

Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view :
O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind !
Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night !
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense ;
Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead :
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky :
As clocks to weight their nimble motions owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below :
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive the offence),
And once betray'd me into common sense ;
Else all my prose and verse were much the same ;
This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame
Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd,
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove,
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet, sure, had Heaven decreed to save the state,
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now ? My Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide ?
Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my god ?
Or, chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit ?

Or bid'st thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist,—
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist).
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And, cackling, save the monarchy of Tories?
Hold!—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O, queen, is serving thine!
And, see, thy very gazetteers give o'er,—
E'en Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more:
What then remains? Ourselves. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer;
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-Hole and White's
Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crow
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

O, born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd (your father's fault
Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward to ape and monkey climes,
Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes;
Not, sulphur-tipp'd, emblaze an alehouse fire,
Nor wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate;

Or, peaceably forgot, at once be bless'd
 In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
 Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
 Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn!

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
 Stole from the master of the seven-fold face;
 And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
 And thrice he dropp'd it from his quivering hand;
 Then lights the structure with averted eyes,—
 The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
 The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,—
 Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
 Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires,
 King John in silence modestly expires:
 No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,—
 Molière's old stubble in a moment flames;—
 Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed;
 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place,
 A veil of fogs dilates her lawful face;
 Great in her charms, as when on shrieves and mayors
 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs!
 She bid him wait her to her sacred dome;
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home:
 So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
 Ascend, and recognise their native place.
 This the great mother dearer held than all
 The club of *quidnuncs*, or her own Guildhall:
 Here stood her opium—here she nursed her owls,
 Here she plann'd the imperial seat of fools

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Here to her chosen all her works she shows ;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose :
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind ;
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away ;
How index learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail ;
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words the sacred opium shed ;
And, lo ! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heidegger and owl)
Perch'd on his crown : " All hail ! and hail again,
My son ! the promised land expects thy reign !
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise ;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days ;
Safe, where no critics damn nor duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest ;
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber, thou his laurel shall support, —
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come !
Sound, sound ye viols ! be the cat-call dumb !
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join ;
And thou, his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns :

Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear;
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub Street skulk behind the king.

“O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing mother, rock the throne!
’Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land;
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine!”

She ceas’d. Then swells the chapel-royal throat;
God save King Cibber! mounts in every note:
Familiar White’s, God save King Colley! cries;
God save King Colley! Drury Lane replies.
To Needham’s quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropp’d the name of God;
Back to the devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll each butcher roars at Hockley Hole!

So when Jove’s block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby),
Loud thunder to the bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak’d “God save King Log!”

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced
with public games and sports of various kinds; not
instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but
for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like

manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, *Odyss.* xxiv. proposed the prize in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving. The first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
 Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
 Or that whereon her Curlls the public pours,
 All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
 Great Cibber sat: the proud Parnassian sneer,
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.

His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
 So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
 Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
 Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
 Throned on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims,
 By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
 They summon all her race : an endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
 A motley mixture ! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots :
 All who true Dunces in her cause appeared,
 And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall may-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
 But now (so Anne and piety ordain),
 A church collects the saints of Drury Lane.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call
 (The field of glory is a field for all).
 Glory and pain the industrious tribe provoke ;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
 No meagre muse rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun nightgown of his own loose skin,
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starving bards of these degenerate days.
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 e this image of well-bodied air ;

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead :
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

All gaze with ardour : some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and laced snit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :

" This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes :
With me began this genius, and shall end."

He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll : " Behold that rival here !
The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won ;
So take the hindmost, Hell !" he said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-stripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
So labouring on, with shoulder, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

Full in the middle way there stood a lake
Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make ;
Such was her wont, at early dawn, to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop.
Here fortun'd Curll to slide ; loud shout the band,
And Bernard ! Bernard ! rings through all the Strand
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the splash his wickedness had laid :

Then first (if poets aught of truth declare),
The caitiff vaticide conceived a prayer :

“ Hear, Jove ! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any gods, or more ;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the pope’s arms.”

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,—
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind ;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind ;
All, vain petitions mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply :
Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign’d with that ichor which from gods distils.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick’d her votary’s prayer,
And placed it near him, a distinction rare !
Oft had the goddess heard her servant’s call,
From her black grottos near the Temple wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene ;
Where, as he fished her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favoured him, and favours yet.
Renew’d by ordure’s sympathetic force,
As oil’d with magic juices for the course,
Vigorous he rises ; from the effluvia strong,
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
Re passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch’d his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem’d to stand ;

A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air:
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
The embroider'd suit at least he deemed his prey,
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heaven rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good-queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub Street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run! delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,—
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy or an ape.

To him the goddess: "Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from duchesses and Lady Maries:)
Be thine my stationer! This magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior: and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison."

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed:

Instructive work ! whose wry-mouthed portraiture
Displayed the fates her confessors endure.

Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge below ;
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, for the blanket, high in air he flies ;
" And, O ! " he cried, " what street, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows !
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green ! "

See in the circle next Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd
The goddess then : " Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far streaming to the sky ?
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome,
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home. "

Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife) ;
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.
First, Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post ;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most :
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd) ;
A second effort brought but new disgrace,—
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face :
Thus the small jet which hasty hands unlock
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.

Not so from shameless Curll ; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head :
So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns ;
Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn,
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes ;
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain ;
Room for my lord ! three jockeys in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair ;
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus express'd,
“ He wins his patron who can tickle best.”

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state ;
With ready quills the dedicators wait :
Now at his head the dexterous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels the imputed sense ;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,—
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas ;
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft giving palm :
Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster !

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein

A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
 Puts his last refuge all in Heaven and prayer.
 What force have pious vows ! The queen of love
 Her sister sends, her votaress, from above ;
 As, taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
 To touch Achilles' only tender part ;
 Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
 He marches off, his grace's secretary.

“ Now turn to different sports,” the goddess cries,
 “ And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
 To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
 With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
 Let others aim. 'Tis yours to shake the soul
 With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
 With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with the tolling bell !
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
 Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
 Of him, whose chattering shames the monkey tribe :
 And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.”

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din :
 'The monkey-mimics rush discordant in ;
 'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all
 And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
 Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
 And snip-snap short, and interruption smart ;
 And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
 And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
 “ Hold,” cried the queen, “ a cat-call each shall win ;
 Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
 But, that this well-disputed game may end,
 Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.”

And A A
 “ HH ” “ HH
 “ HH ” “ HH ”
 And A And A
 And A And A

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
 At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
 For their defrauded absent foals, they make
 A moan so loud, that all the guild awake,
 Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay :
 So swells each wind-pipe ; ass intones to ass,—
 Harmonic twang ! of leather, horn, and brass ;
 Such as from labouring lungs the enthusiast blows,
 High sounds, attemper'd to the vocal nose ;
 Or such as bellow from the deep divine ;
 There, Webster ! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitfield !
 thine.

But, far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;
 Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
 In Tottenham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze !
 Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
 And courts to courts return it round and round ;
 Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
 And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
 (As morning-prayers and flagellation end),
 To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
 The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
 With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
 " Here strip, my children, here at once leap in,
 Here. prove who best can dash through thick and
 thin,
 And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 Or dark dexterity of groping well.

Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The streams, be his the weekly journals bound ;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best,
A peck of coals a piece shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands ;
Then, sighing, thus: "And am I now threescore ?
Ah, why, ye gods, should two and two make four ?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright :
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next Smedley dived : slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and oped no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost,—
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then * * essay'd : scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light ;
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom see Concanen creep,
A cold long-winded native of the deep :
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies ;
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,—
The unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back ;
Sons of a day, just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone),
Sits Mother Osborne, stupified to stone ;

And monumental brass this record bears :

“ These are—ah, no! these were the gazetteers !”

Not so bold Arnall : with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull ;
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation bless'd :
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance ;
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place :
When, lo ! a burst of thunder shook the flood,—
Slow rose a form in majesty of mud ;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze :
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares ;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares :

First he relates, how, sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mein, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in ;
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung how, shown him by the nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse),
Pours into Thames ; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave :
Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose
 They led him soft—each reverend bard arose ;
 And Milbourne chief, deputed by the rest,
 Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest :
 “ Receive,” he said, “ these robes which once were mine,
 Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.”

He ceas'd, and spread the robe ; the crowd confess
 The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
 Around him wide a sable army stand,
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band ;
 Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
 Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god or man.

Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
 Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
 Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
 In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :
 So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
 Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
 Here stopp'd the goddess, and in pomp proclaims
 A gentler exercise to close the games.

“ Ye critics, in whose heads, as equal scales,
 I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;
 Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
 My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers,—
 Attend the trial we propose to make :
 If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
 Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
 And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye,—
 To him we grant our amplest powers to sit,
 Judge of all-present, past, and future wit ;
 To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 Full and eternal privilege of tongue.”

Three college sophs and three pert templars came,
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same ;

Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring,
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring:
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all, tun'd equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and, in one lazy tone,
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze:
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe or pause by fits the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse or prose infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but, thrice suppress'd
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's no kingdom here."
Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first—the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes:
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes,
What Dulness dropp'd among her sons impress'd
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads,
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail;
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale;
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And, stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews?
Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state
To some famed round-house, ever-open gate?
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink?
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat?

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber, with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chymists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to

a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future : how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then, distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how, first, the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows ; the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court ; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences ; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

BUT, in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap the anointed head repos'd :
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew ;
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know.

Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
 He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods ;
 Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
 The air-built castle, and the golden dream ;
 The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
 And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on fancy's easy wing convey'd,
 The king, descending, views the Elysian shade ;
 A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along,
 In lofty madness meditating song :
 Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
 Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar
 (Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more.)
 Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows,
 And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows ;
 Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
 Old Bavins sits, to dip poetic souls,
 And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :
 Instant, when dipp'd, away they wing their flight,
 Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of light,
 Demand new bodies, and, in calf's array,
 Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
 Millions and millions on these banks he views,
 Thick as the stars of night, or morning dew ;
 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,—
 As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

Wondering he gaz'd ; when, lo ! a sage appears,
 By his broad shoulders known and length of years ;
 Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
 (His only suit) for twice three years before :
 All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another, yet the same.

ByB

KruK

KruK

ByB

ByB

K

K

ByB

By

KruK

ByB

ByB

ByB

Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:

O! born to see what none can see awake,
Behold the wonders of the oblivious lake!
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore,—
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er;
But, blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again;
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre—from thee circulate.
For this our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands:
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke, beneath the burning line
(Earth's wide extremes), her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun;

One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds :
Heavens ! what a pile !—whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air !

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
There rival flames with equal glory rise ;
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

How little, mark, that portion of the ball
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall !
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanaïs through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns !
See Alaric's stern port ; the martial frame
Of Genseric ; and Attila's dread name !
See the bold Ostrogoths on Datlum fall ;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore),
His conquering tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws ;
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.

Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore ;
Her gray-hair'd synods' damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head :
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And e'en the Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, the unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets paved with heroes, Tyber chok'd with gods ;

Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;
See graceful Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Appelles burn'd.

Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod;
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummies, sleeveless some, and shirtless others:
That once was Britain; happy had she seen
No fiercer sons—had Easter never been!
In peace, great goddess, ever be adored!
How keen the war if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own; on this bless'd age,
O, spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage!

And see, my son, the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate: behold the scene she draws,
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold and count them as they rise to light:
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god,
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take through Grub-Street her triumphant round;
And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

Mark, first, that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrust his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born,
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn!

A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that slips alone;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
 Another D'Urfey, Ward, shall sing in thee!
 Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
 And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
 Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
 Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law!
 Lo! P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown:
 Lo! sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A fiend in glee, ridiculously grin.
 Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;
 Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
 All crowd who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 Some strain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
 Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head and Pegasus's neck;
 Down, down the 'larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes night hideous—answer him, ye owls!

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead.
 Let all give way, and Morris may be read:
 Flow, Welsted, flow, like thine inspirer, beer!
 Though stale, not ripe—though thin, yet never clear!
 So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull,—
 Heady, not strong—o'erflowing, though not full.

Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

Embrace, embrace, my sons ; be foes no more,
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore !

Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd,
How like in manners and how like in mind !
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,—
That shines a consul, this commissioner.

“ But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?”
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may the dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past !

There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark
Wits who, like owls, see only in the dark ;
A lumber-house of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read !

But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight ! his breeches rent below ;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo ! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice and balanzing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue !
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung !
Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vai
O, great restorer of the good old stage !
Preacher at once and zany of thy age !
O, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest where monkeys were the gods !
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul ;

And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days!

Yet, O, my sons! a father's words attend
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend!)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius or a Milton's flame:
But, O! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense!
Content each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives are given for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
But "Learn, ye dunces, not to scorn your God!"

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd, and thus the sire:
See now what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesied),
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war:
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,—
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth;
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own;
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,—
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
 And, last, to give the whole creation grace,
 Lo! one vast egg produces human race!
 Joy fills his soul—joy innocent of thought:
 “What power,” he cries, “what power these wonders
 wrought?”

Son, what thou seek'st is in thee: look, and find
 Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
 Yet wouldst thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
 Whose sarsenet skirts are edged with flaming gold,
 A matchless youth: his nod these worlds controls,
 Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls;
 Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
 'Midst snows of paper and fierce hail of pease!
 And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm!

But, lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
 New wizards rise—I see my Cibber there!
 Booth, in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
 Dire is the conflet, dismal is the din,—
 Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's Inn;
 Contending theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own:
 These fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but, ah! withheld from mine.

In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,—
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars ;
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets and for roasting popes,—
Yet, lo ! in me what authors have to brag on,
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon !
Avert it, Heaven ! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent tail in Smithfield fair !
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets ;
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on ;
Safe in its heaviness shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste
And every year be duller than the last ;
Till, raised from booths to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway ;
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age :
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before !
To aid our cause, if Heaven thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move, for Faustus is our friend ;
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.

Grub-Street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire!
Another Æschylus appears!—prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head!

Now, Bavins, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!

This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,—
The Augustus born to bring Saturnian times!
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear!
See, see! our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
See, under Ripley, rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall!
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd, with a hundred friends!
Hibernian politics, O, Swift! thy fate,
And Pope's ten years to comment and translate!

Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more!
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holyday;
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And *alma mater* lie dissolv'd in port!

“Enough! enough!” the raptur'd monarch cries;
And through the ivory gate the vision flies.

BOOK IV.

—
ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation, as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth; how she leads captive the sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her: one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer, with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole

conduct and fruits of their travels ; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want and shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness ; to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him, but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference.—Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents ; amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature ; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds'-nests, moss, &c. ; but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled are delivered to her in a body by the hands of Silenus ; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high-priest which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these, her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds ; confers on them orders and degrees ; and then, dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary

virtue; the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
 Indulge, dread Chaos and eternal Night!
 Of darkness visible so much be lent
 As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
 Ye powers, whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
 To whom Time bears me on his raping wing,
 Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the poet and the song!

Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
 Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;
 Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
 The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour;
 Then rose the seed of Chaos and of Night,
 To blot out order and extinguish light;
 Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
 And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
 In broad effulgence all below reveal'd
 ('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines);
 Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.

Beneath her footstool science groans in chains,
 And wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains:
 There foam'd rebellious logic, gagg'd and bound,
 There, stripp'd, fair rhetoric languish'd on the ground.
 His blunted arms by sophistry are borne,
 And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn:
 Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
 Chicane in furs, and casuistry in lawn,
 Gasps as they straighten at each end the cord,
 And dies when Dulness gives her page the word!

Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind ;
 Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
 Now, running round the circle, finds it square.
 But, held in tenfold bonds, the Muses lie,
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye ;
 There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
 The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast ;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promised vengeance on a barbarous age.
 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her sister Satire held her head ;
 Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield, a tear refuse,—
 Thou weptst, and with thee wept each gentle muse !

When, lo ! a harlot form soft sliding by,
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye ;
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside :
 By singing peers upheld on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand ;
 Cast on the prostrate nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint *recitativo* spoke :

“ O, Cara ! Cara ! silence all that train ;
 Joy to great Chaos ! let division reign !
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense ;
 One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage ;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum or snore
 And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore* !
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains :
 But soon, ah ! soon, rebellion will commence,
 If music meanly borrows aid from sense.
 Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;

To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
 Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more."
 She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore.

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
 And all the nations summoned to the throne;
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of head;
 None want a place, for all their centre found,
 Hung to the goddess, and cohered around.
 Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
 The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng;
 Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
 Not those alone who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause:
 Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
 Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
 Or, impious, preach his word without a call;
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
 Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
 Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown,
 Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
 And (last and worse), with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the muse's hypocrite.

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
 Who rymed for hire, and patronized for pride.

Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,
 Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower :
 There moved Montalto with superior air,
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair ;
 Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
 Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side ;
 But, as in graceful act, with awful eye,
 Composed he stood, bold Benson thrust him by.
 On two unequal crutches propp'd he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
 The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page :
 But (happy for him as the times went then)
 Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen ;
 On whom three hundred gold-capp'd youths await,
 To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling : " Thus revive the wits !
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits ;
 As erst Medea (cruel so to save !)
 A new edition of old Æson gave ;
 Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn ;
 And you, my critics, in the chequer'd shade,
 Admire new light through holes yourselves have made !

" Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own ;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper or on solid brick.
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at every wit ;
 And, while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press
 Each eager to present the first address :
 Dunce scorning dunce, behold the next advance
 But fop shows fop superior complaisance.

When, lo ! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand ;
His beaver'd brow a birchin garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs ;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons :
All flesh is humbled—Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place ;
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus, since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province—words we teach alone :
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Blind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind :
A poet the first day, he dips his quill ;
And what the last ? a very poet still.
Pity ! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Windham every muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more !
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast !
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost !
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can ;
And South beheld that master-piece of man.

"Oh," cried the goddess, "for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the counsel to a grammar-school!
For sure, if Duiness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies or lives, we fall or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
'The right divine of kings to govern wrong.'"

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extend,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ Church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick,
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare Hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous went to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod:
So upright quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne;
Avant—is Aristarchus yet unknown?"

The mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,—
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
 Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:
 Author of something yet more great than letter;
 While towering o'er your alphabet like Saul,
 Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At,
 To sound or sink in *cano* O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke.
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
 "Ah, think not, mistress! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
 Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
 And much divinity without a nous;
 or could a Barrow work on every block,
 't has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.

See ! still thy own, the heavy cannon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read :
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it ;
And write about it, goddess, and about it :
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid every science, run through every school ?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse :
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce ;
Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Shew all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and laced governor from France.
“ Walker ! our hat ”—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroidered race,
And tittering push'd the pedants off the place ;
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards, with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen,
When thus the attendant orator begun :

“ Receive, great empress, thy accomplish’d son;
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant, never scared with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake;
The mother begg’d the blessing of a rake.
Thou gavest that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceased so soon, he ne’er was boy nor man.
Through school and college, thy kind clouds o’er
cast,

Safe and unseen the young Æneas pass’d;
Thence bursting glories, all at once let down,
Stunn’d with his giddy ’larum half the town.
Intrepid, then, o’er seas and lands he flew;
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs
Pours at great Bourbon’s feet her silken so
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls;
To happy convents, bosom’d deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver’d vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves;
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour’d swain.
Hid by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
And gather’d every vice on Christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king deciare
His royal sense, of operas or the fair;
And stews and palace equally explored,
Intrigued wth glory, and with spirit whored:

Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,
 Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined;
 Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more;
 All classic learning lost on classic ground;
 And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound;
 See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit;
 Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And if a borough choose him not undone:
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
 Her, too, receive (for her my soul adores),
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
 Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
 And make a long posterity thy own."

Pleased, she accepts the hero and the dame,
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court
 Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
 Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pitied! but her pity only shed
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annus, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
 Came, cramm'd with capon, from where *Pollio*
 dines,

Soft as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he ; but, pious, whisper'd first his prayer :

“ Grant, gracious goddess ! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit !
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise !
Through twilight ages hunt the Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet ! the pigeon at thine ear ;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold ;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own ;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.”

Mummius o'erheard him ; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head :

“ Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? Traitor base !
Mine, goddess ! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise ;
From foolish Greeks to steel them, was as wise :
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risked the Grecian gold.
Received each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I revered them there ;

I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
at their second birth, they issue mine.”

“ Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
Replied soft Annins, “ this our paunch before
Still bears them faithful ; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess ! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine :
There all the learned shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.”

The goddess, smiling, seem'd to give consent ;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as locusts, blackening all the ground,
A tribe with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.

But far the foremost too, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd : “ Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all !
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckl'd, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp'd his head.
Then throned in glass, and named it Caroline ;
Each maid cries, charming ! and each youth, divine
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze ?
Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
No maid cries, charming ! and no youth, divine !
And lo, the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust,
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust ;
Oh, punish him, or to the Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades !”
He ceased, and wept. With innocence of mien,
The accused stood forth, and thus address'd the queer
“ Of all the enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,

Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game, and chased from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd,—'twas on what plant it pleased,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seized ;
Rose or carnation was below my care ;
I meddle, goddess ! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize ;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair e'en in death ! this peerless butterfly."

" My sons !" she answer'd, " both have done your
parts ;

Live happy both, and long promote our arts
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd ;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird ;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind ;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss ;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

" O ! would the suns of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study flies !
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape ;

Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve !”

“ Be that my task, replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark ;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :
“ Let others creep by timid steps and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature’s cause through nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride !
We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward till we doubt of God ;
Make nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e’er we can ;
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound, o’erleaping all his laws,
Make God man’s image, man the final cause ;
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born ;
Of naught so certain as our reason still,
Of naught so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh, hide the God still more ! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee :
Wrapp’d up in self, a god without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured visions saw,
Wild through poetic scenes the genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves :
That nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silecus snores.”

Roused at his name, up rose the bowzy sire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
 Then snapp'd his box, and stroked his belly down,
 Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
 Then thus: "From priestcraft happily set free,
 Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee:
 First, slave to words, then, vassal to a name,
 Then, dupe to party; child and man the same;
 Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen!
 Marked out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down in pension, or in punk!
 So K*, so B**, sneak'd into the grave,
 A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave,
 Poor W**, nipp'd in folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast;
 Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest."

With that, a wizard old his cup extends;
 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
 Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
 Up to a star, and, like Endymion, dies:
 A feather, shooting from another's head,
 Extracts his brain; and principle is fled;
 Lost is his God, his country, every thing;
 And nothing left but homage to a king!
 The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
 To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;

t, sad example! never to escape

air infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild ;
And straight succeeded, leaving shade no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes ;
But, as the flatterer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others' interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings :
Turn'd to the sun, she cast a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

Others the syren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas ! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils ? your sons have learned to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule !
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends ; all flesh is nothing in his sight !
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn :
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine ?)
Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone ?
Thy truffles, Perigord ! thy hams, Bayonne ?
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hay's stain.
Knight lifts the head ; for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one ?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakspeare at the inns of court,
Impale a glowworm, or *virtù* profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some deep freemasons join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor pass'd the meanest unregarded,—one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon ;
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.

Then blessing all, “ Go, children of my care !
To practice now from theory repair ;
All my commands are easy, short, and full :
My sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne ;
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace ;
With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race ;
From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the sun ;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line ;
The judge to dance his brother sergeant call,
The senator at cricket urge the ball ;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury !)
A hundred souls of turkeys in a pie ;
The sturdy 'squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
And to my list to add one monarch more.

And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme ! shall three estates command,
 And make one mighty Dunciad of the land !”

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—all nature nods :
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods ?
 Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd
 St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd ;
 Then catch'd the schools ; the Hall scarce kept awake ;
 The convocation gaped, but could not speak :
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round ;
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm :
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept ;
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept ;
 And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign !
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

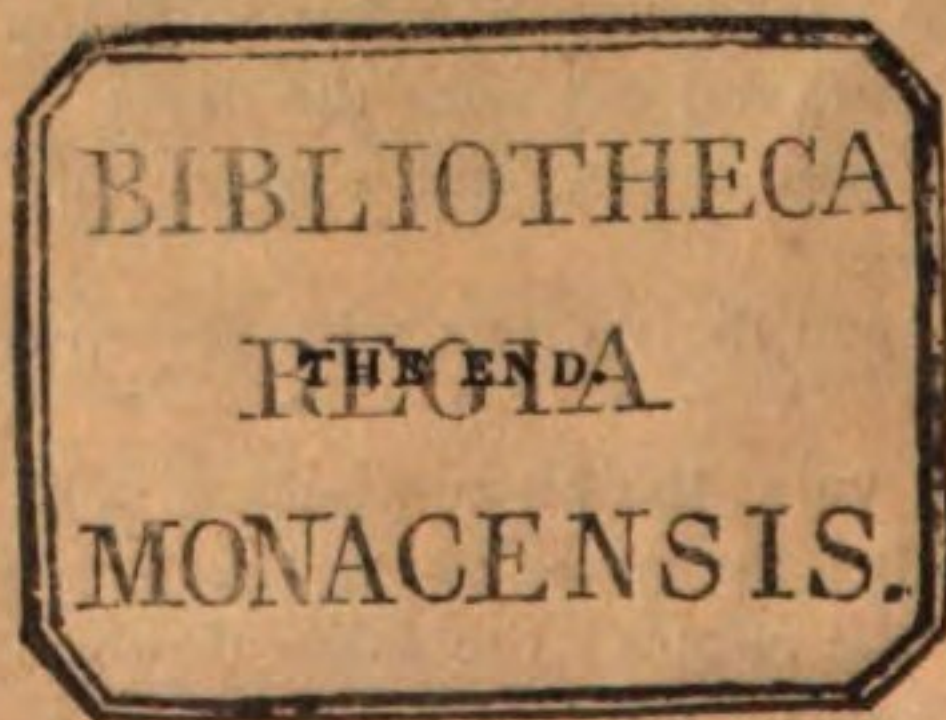
O muse ! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none)
 Relate who first, who last resign'd to rest ;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely bless'd ;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and entrance the dull ;
 Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and
 wrong—

O sing, and hush the nations with thy song !

* * * * *

In vain, in vain, the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls ! the muse obeys the power.
 She comes ! she comes ! the sable throne behold
 Of night primeval, and of Chaos old.
 Before her, fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain his momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.

As one by one, at dread Medeas strain,
The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night:
See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that learn'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
See mystery to mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame nor private dares to shine:
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all.



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